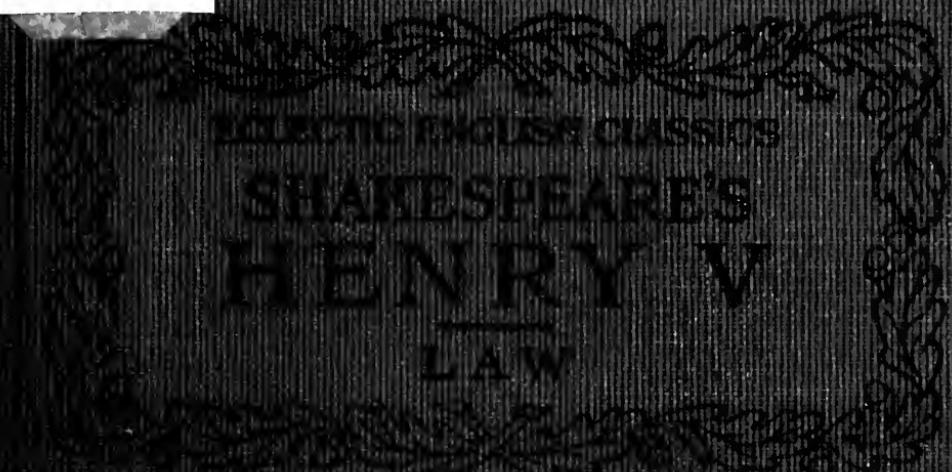


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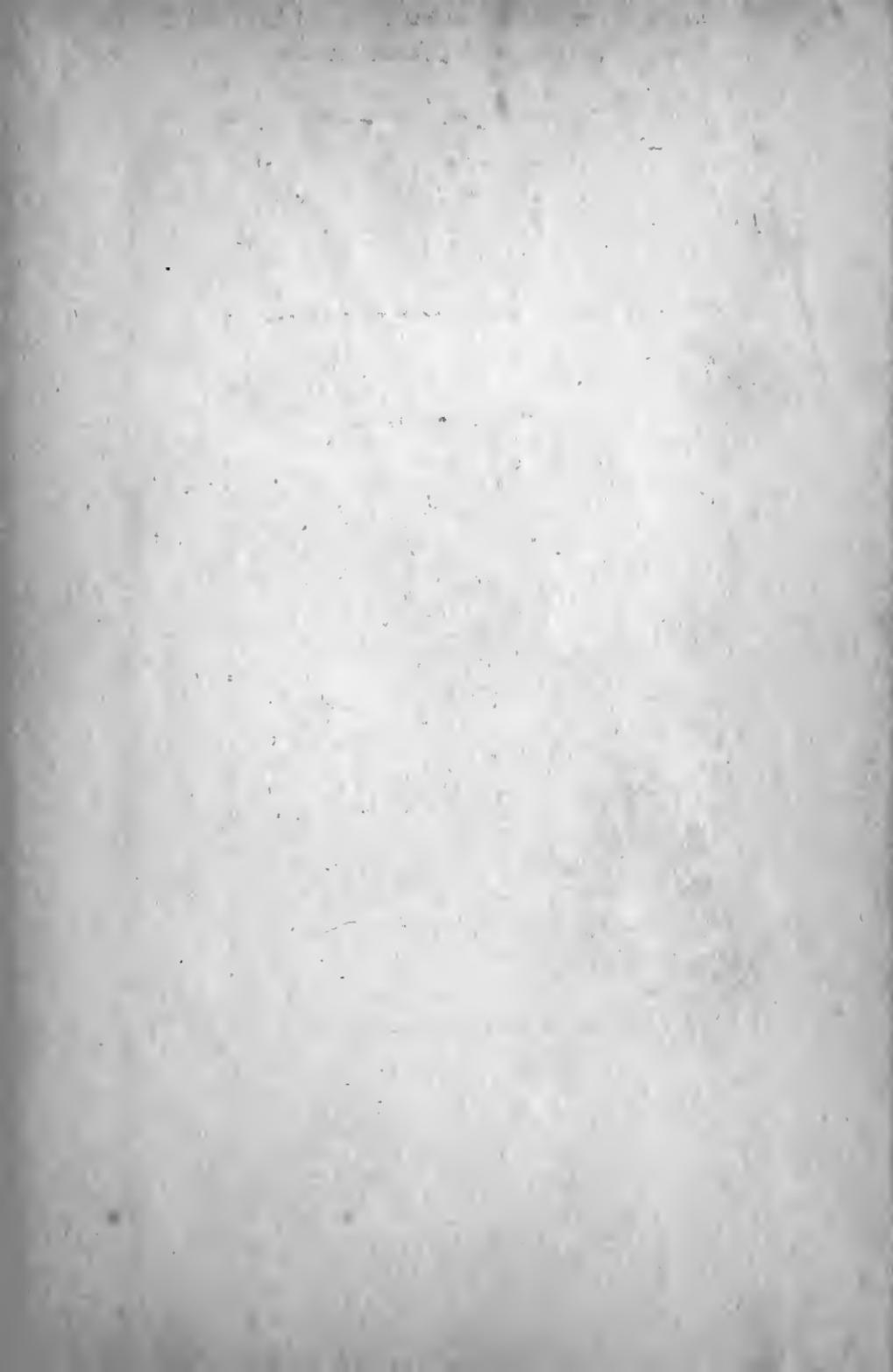


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Shakespeare, William
ECLECTIC ENGLISH CLASSICS

SHAKESPEARE'S
HENRY V

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HENRY V

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INTRODUCTION

THE DATE OF HENRY V

It is probable that Shakespeare wrote *Henry V* about 1599 when he was 35 years of age. At that time he had written nine plays based on English history, a number of comedies—among which we find the boisterous *Comedy of Errors*, and the fanciful *Midsummer Night's Dream*—the almost tragic *Merchant of Venice*, and the beautiful but tragic *Romeo and Juliet*. He was still to write his great tragedies—*Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*—and a number of other plays, among which are such delightful romances as *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale*. *Henry V* therefore represents his work when he was midway in his dramatic career.

We assume the date, 1599, for various reasons. It is evident that lines 29–34 in the Chorus of Act V were written before news had reached England concerning the efforts of the Earl of Essex to put down an uprising in Tyrone, Ireland. In June, 1599, the citizens of London learned that the expedition to Ireland had met with disaster. This alone places the date of the play before June, 1599. In 1598 Francis Meres published a list of plays that had been written by Shakespeare up to that time but he makes no mention of *Henry V*. On the other hand, *The Stationers' Register*, published in 1600, mentions the play. These reasons, as well as the general character of the play, make it almost certain that Shakespeare wrote *Henry V* about 1599.

THE SOURCES OF HENRY V

In 1577, when Shakespeare was 13 years old, Raphael Holinshed published his *Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland*. The first edition, in two illustrated volumes, was so popular that a second edition was issued in 1587. Many great events, among which was the defeat of the Spanish

Armada, had made the English more than usually interested in their national history. Because of this deep interest in which he himself shared, Shakespeare wrote a number of plays based on the stories of the English kings. It was natural that he should base his historical plays on the popular history written by Holinshed. From that storehouse of information he drew material for his plays concerning well-known English kings, and for such other plays as *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Cymbeline*. Shakespeare's historical plays based on Holinshed tell much the same stories that we find in the work of the quaint old writer, but they tell the stories with a force, a spirit, a poetic effect that make them more vivid, more powerful, more beautiful in every way. Furthermore, out of what Holinshed tells as a mere narrative Shakespeare makes a play, a story of human life passing through struggle to ultimate failure or success.

Henry V is one of the historical plays based on Holinshed's *Chronicles*. In Holinshed Shakespeare found material for the story of the insulting gift of tennis balls; the scene between Henry and the Archbishop of Canterbury; the conspiracy against Henry's life; the siege of Harfleur; the weakened condition of the English before the battle of Agincourt; Henry's heroic and noble bearing; the great victory of the English at Agincourt, and the marriage of Henry and the Princess Katherine. In Holinshed he found a number of minor details, such as the incident of Bardolph's stealing a pyx from a church. Shakespeare used all this material in such an original way as to make it his own, as an architect uses stone and wood prepared by others. Thus in Holinshed we read:

"It is said that as he heard one of the host utter his wish to another thus: I would to God there were with us now so manie good soldiers as are at this houre within England! the king answered: I would not wish a man more here than I have: we are indeed in comparison to the enimies but a few, but if God of his clemencie doo favour us, and our just cause (as I trust he will) we shall speed well inough. But let no man ascribe victorie to our owne strength and might, but onelie to Gods assistance, to whome I have no doubt we shall worthilie have cause to give thanks therefore. And if so be that for our offenses sakes we shall be delivered into the hands of our enimies, the lesse number we be, the lesse damage shall the realme of England sustene; but if we should fight in trust of multitude of men, and so get the victorie (our minds being prone to pride), we should thereupon peradventure

ascribe the victorie not so much to the gift of God, as to our owne puissance, and thereby provoke his high indignation and displeasure against us; and if the enimie get the upper hand, then should our realme and countrie suffer more damage and stand in further danger. But be you of comfort, and show your selves valiant, God and our just quarrell shall defend us, and deliver these our proud adversaries with all the multitude of them which you see (or at least the most of them), into our hands. . . . ”

When we compare this with *Henry V*, iv, 3, 16-67 we see at once how Shakespeare gave life and power to what before was simple narrative.

Another source of Shakespeare's *Henry V* is an old play by an unknown author, *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, printed in 1598 but written and acted at least ten years earlier. This also is based on Holinshed's *Chronicles*. In this old play Shakespeare found additional material for Scene 2, Act i that tells of the gift of tennis balls, for the siege of Harfleur, the battle of Agincourt, some of the comic scenes, the negotiations with the French in Act v, and the scene between Henry and Katherine. Whatever material Shakespeare found in the old play he made his own by additions, and by a poetic and spirited treatment, as may be seen by comparing the following passage from "The Famous Victories" with *Henry V*, i, 2, 259-297.

"My lord Prince Dolphin is very pleasant with me;
But tell him that in stead of balles of leather,
We wil tosse him balles of brasse and yron,
Yea, such balles as never were tost in France;
The proudest tennis court shall rue it,
I and thou Prince of Burges shall rue it.
Therefore get thee hence, and tell him thy message quickly,
Least I be there before thee. Away, priest, be gone."

HENRY V AS A PLAY

Shakespeare's best plays have characters who impress us as real, whose emotions so appeal to us that we think and feel with them. They have an action that proceeds steadily from the beginning, through a point of highest interest, to a final conclusion. They are based upon a conflict of forces, especially upon a conflict in the soul of the hero. They follow a certain development, namely, an introduction, a

rise of action, a climax or turning point, a decline of action, and a conclusion. In addition to all this, Shakespeare's best plays are written with such choice of words and such power of expression that they appeal to us as the work of a man of deep, poetic insight.

In *Henry V* our interest is in the events that concern Henry himself rather than in any conflict such as we see in *Macbeth* or *Hamlet*. The development of the action is broken by long speeches and by comic scenes that are loosely connected with the main story, whereas, in a play like *Othello* we find every scene closely united to the main action. Our interest in *Henry V* is the story interest rather than the dramatic. The language is sweeping and rhetorical rather than finely poetic. The play therefore can not be classed as one of Shakespeare's best plays.

Its points of value are many. There are few plays that present as knightly a character as that of King Henry. His desire to do right, his dignity, his royalty, his interest in his men, his love for his country, his feeling of responsibility, his courage in the face of odds, his manhood that expresses itself by tenderness toward the aged Sir Thomas Erpingham, by grief at the death of York and Suffolk, and humor and fun with Williams and Fluellen,—all these characteristics, united with a spirit of deep religious trust, make Henry a noble character indeed. The whole play is filled with a patriotic and martial spirit that inspires the reader with the feelings that moved the people of Queen Elizabeth's time. There is delightful humor, especially in the courting of Henry and Katherine. The language is resonant, strong, rhetorical, carrying interest by its force and vigor.

HOW HENRY V IS RELATED TO THE FACTS OF HISTORY

In general, Shakespeare's *Henry V* is remarkably true to history. The most striking events in the play are true: the claim to the French crown, the enthusiastic determination upon war, the gathering of the army at Southampton, the conspiracy against the king's life, the successful siege of Harfleur, the weakened condition of the English before Agincourt, the great victory, the enormous loss of the French, and the marriage of Henry and Katherine. Many of the

proper names used are real names. Many of the minor details are based on fact.

But Shakespeare had no desire to keep strictly to the facts of history. He wrote as a dramatist, not as a historian. It has been denied that the church played a strong part in bringing about the war. Grave doubts have been cast upon the stories concerning Henry's wildness in his youth. The incident of the tennis balls may be wholly fictitious. The real Falstaff and the real Bardolf were men of honor and dignity. While the differences between the English and the French forces at Agincourt were great they were not so great as the play seems to indicate, nor was the Dauphin present at the battle. The gap of five years between Act iv and Act v has been lightly bridged over. Henry's marriage to Katherine was not the direct result of Agincourt nor was it so romantic a marriage as Shakespeare indicates.

THE REAL HENRY V

Henry, the son of Henry of Lancaster, was born in the Castle of Monmouth, Wales, August 9, 1387. In 1399 his father, having forced Richard II to abdicate, became King of England. The young prince was at once placed in high position in Wales. When less than 16 he took brave part in the battle of Shrewsbury. He had full command of all operations against the rebellious Welsh. For three years before his father's death he played a strong part in the government of England. His bravery in battle, his conduct of military operations, and the high respect in which his opinions were held, indicate nothing of the wayward prince mentioned in Shakespeare's *Henry IV* and *Henry V*.

At the age of 26 Henry became king. Having brought about unity between the discordant factions in England he revived an old claim to the French crown, believing that he was justified in the claim. War became inevitable.

With great enthusiasm an army of 6,000 men-at-arms and 24,000 archers, equipped with cannon and every known military device, prepared to invade France. At this moment Henry's prompt and stern justice in condemning conspirators against his life increased his personal power. Sixteen hundred vessels carried the troops to France where they began the

siege of Harfleur. When Henry took the town at the end of 30 days he walked barefooted and bareheaded to the Church of St. Martin and gave thanks for the victory.

After many days of marching, about 15,000 English, weakened by sickness, faced about 60,000 French near Agincourt. Long rains had made the clay so sticky that it was unfit for the French cavalry. The field of battle was so narrow that the very numbers of the French prevented them from fighting well. The English archers, using spearlike stakes thrust into the ground, kept off the French knights. Their long bows shot arrows with bullet speed. The French were completely routed, losing over 10,000 men while the English lost only about 1600.

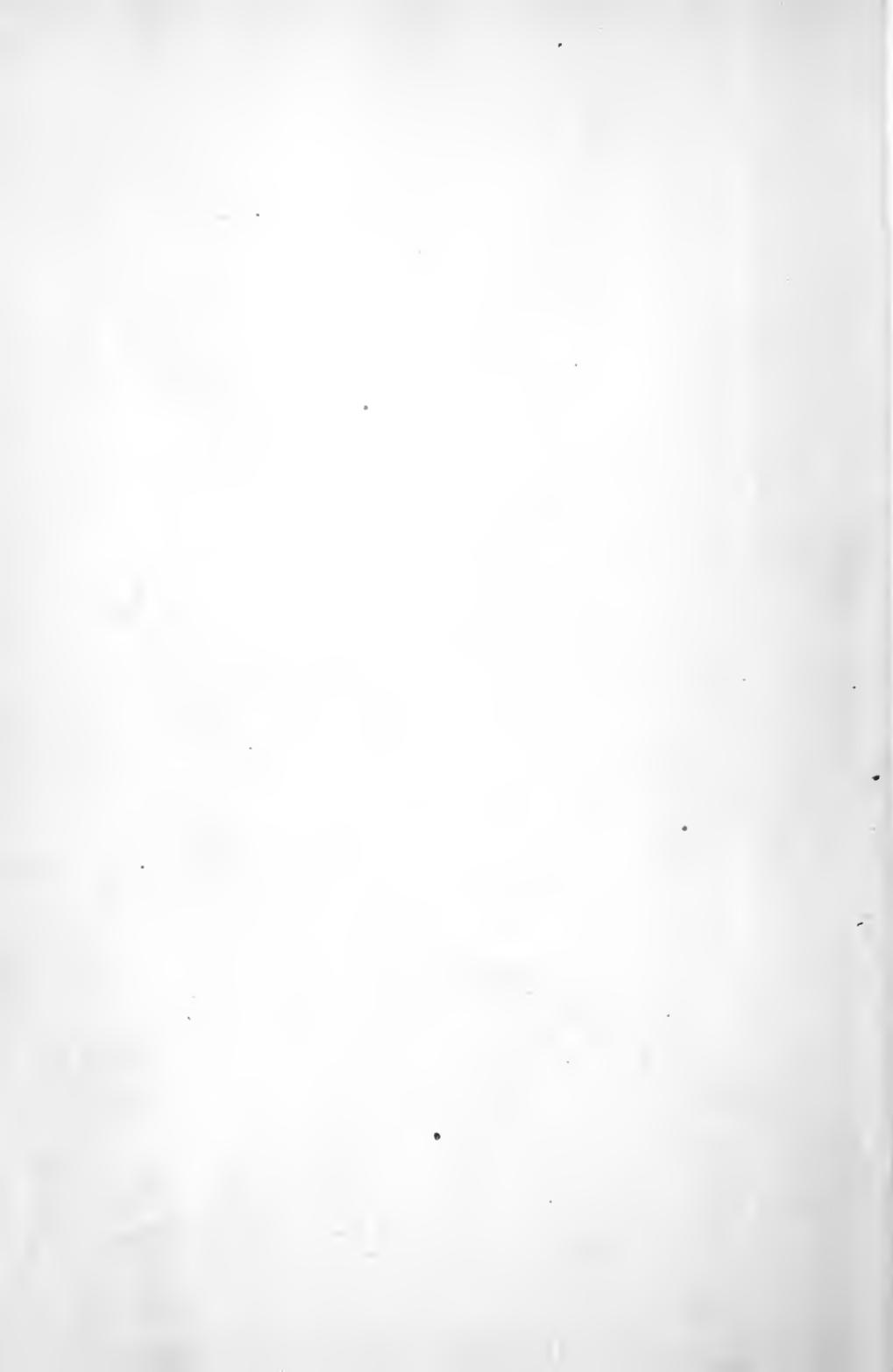
Henry now returned to England where he busied himself for two years with preparations for renewed war with France. He once more invaded France and after months of war gained recognition as Regent. In 1420, five years after Agincourt, he married Katherine of France. Renewed war called him to the field. His health had never been robust and he died in 1422, worn out by his campaigns.

As a military leader Henry was a stern disciplinarian. He forbade his soldiers to inflict unnecessary damage where they marched. He found it expedient to drive the inhabitants of Harfleur from the town, and to order the killing of the prisoners at Agincourt. As a king he unified his land, increased its commerce, and developed its strength. As a man he was artistic and musical; he led a clean and honorable life; he had high ideals and was deeply and sincerely religious.

He is the young man's type of hero,—the high-minded youthful warrior. He was 15 when he first led in battle; he was 28 when he won at Agincourt; he was 35 when he died.

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THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFTH

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } brothers to
DUKE OF BEDFORD, } the King.

DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.

DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORE-
LAND, and WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.

LORD SCROOP.

SIR THOMAS GREY.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER,
FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY,
officers in King Henry's army.

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, soldiers
in the same.

PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.

Boy.

A Herald.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS,
and BOURBON.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, French
Lords.

Governor of Harfleur.

MONTJOY, a French Herald.

Ambassadors to the King of Eng-
land.

ISABEL, Queen of France.

KATHERINE, daughter to Charles and
Isabel.

ALICE, a lady attending on her.

Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap,
formerly Mistress Quickly, and
now married to Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers,
Citizens, Messengers, and At-
tendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: England; afterwards France.

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. O for a Museⁿ of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars;ⁿ and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire

Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
 The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd
 On this unworthy scaffold¹ to bring forth
 So great an object: can this cockpit hold
 The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
 Within this wooden O² the very casques³
 That did affright the air at Agincourt?⁴ 5
 O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
 Attest in little place a million;
 And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,⁴ 10
 On your imaginary forces work.

Suppose within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
 Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts
 The perilous, narrow ocean⁵ parts asunder. 15

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 And make imaginary puissance:⁵

Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth; 20
 For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
 Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
 Turning the accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
 Admit me Chorus⁶ to this history; 25
 Who prologue-like⁷ your humble patience pray,
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [Exit.]

¹ The small stage of an ordinary theater.

² Theater. The Globe Theater was round.

³ Helmets. Figurative for "The fierce men in armor."

⁴ Reckoning.

⁵ Force.

⁶ An actor who explains the action of a play.

⁷ By way of introduction.

ACT I

SCENE I. *London. An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOP OF ELY.

Canterbury. My lord, I'll tell you; that self bill is urg'd,
 Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
 Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
 But that the scambling¹ and unquiet time
 Did push it out of farther question. 5

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Canterbury. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
 We lose the better half of our possession;
 For all the temporal lands² which men devout
 By testament³ have given to the church 10
 Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
 As much as would maintain, to the king's honor,
 Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
 Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
 And, to relief of lazars⁴ and weak age, 15
 Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
 A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
 And to the coffers⁵ of the king beside,
 A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill. 20

Ely. This would drink deep.

Canterbury. 25 'T would drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Canterbury. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

¹ Turbulent or disorderly.

² Lands once private property of English subjects.

³ Last will and testament.

⁴ Lepers or sick people in general.

⁵ A coffer is a money box. Hence, treasury.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Canterbury. The courses of his youth¹ promis'd it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified¹ in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam² out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.

Never was such a sudden scholar made;

Never came reformation in a flood

With such a heady currance,³ scouring faults;

Nor never hydra-headed⁴ wilfulness

So soon did lose his seat and all at once

As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Canterbury. Hear him but reason in divinity,

And, all-admiring, with an inward wish

You would desire the king were made a prelate:⁴

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,

You would say it hath been all in all his study:

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear

A fearful battle render'd you in music:

Turn him to any cause of policy,

The Gordian knot⁵ of it he will unloose,

Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,

The air, a charter'd libertine,⁶ is still,

And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,⁷

To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;

So that the art and practic part of life

Must be the mistress to this theoric:⁸

Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,

¹ Destroyed.

³ Current.

² Sin.

⁴ A church dignitary.

5

10

15

20

25

30

Since his addiction was to courses vain,
 His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration¹
 From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
 Neighbor'd by fruit of baser quality:
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
 Unseen, yet crescive² in his faculty.

Canterbury. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd,
 And therefore we must needs admit the means
 How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
 How now for mitigation of this bill³
 Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
 Incline to it, or no?

Canterbury. He seems indifferent,
 Or rather swaying more upon our part
 Than cherishing the exhibitors³ against us;
 For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
 Upon our spiritual convocation⁴
 And in regard of causes now in hand,
 Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
 As touching France,—to give a greater sum
 Than ever at one time the clergy yet
 Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Canterbury. With good acceptance of his majesty;

¹ Seclusion.

³ Those who presented the bill.

² Growing.

⁴ General meeting.

Save that there was not time enough to hear,
 As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done,
 The severals and unhidden passages
 Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
 And generally to the crown and seat of France
 Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

5

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Canterbury. The French ambassador upon that instant
 Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
 To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

10

Ely. It is.

Canterbury. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
 Which I could with a ready guess declare,
 Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

14

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same. The Presence-chamber.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.

King Henry. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in presence.

King Henry. Send for him, good uncle.

Westmoreland. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

King Henry. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd,
 Before we hear him, of some things of weight
 That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOP OF ELY.

Canterbury. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
 And make you long become it!

King Henry. Sure, we thank you.

25

My learned lord; we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique¹ that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate,¹ whose right
Suits not in native colors with the truth:
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn² our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war;
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge into the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Canterbury. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you
peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives, and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant:'
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land;'

¹ Forged.

² Pledge.

Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze¹
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
 The founder of this law and female bar.
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
 That the land Salique is in Germany,
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe; 5
 Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
 There left behind and settled certain French;
 Who, holding in disdain the German women
 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female
 Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
 Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
 Then doth it well appear the Salique law
 Was not devised for the realm of France:
 Nor did the French possess the Salique land
 Until four hundred one and twenty years
 After defunction² of King Pharamond,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law,
 Who died within the year of our redemption
 Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
 Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the river Sala, in the year
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
 Did, as heir general, being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.
 Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown
 Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,—

¹ Misinterpret.² Death.

To fine his title with some shows of truth,
 Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
 Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
 Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
 That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal¹ of the Lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the aforesaid duke of Lorraine:
 By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
 Was re-united to the crown of France.

So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female.
 So do the kings of France unto this day;
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
 To bar your highness claiming from the female,
 And rather choose to hide them in a net
 Than amply to imbare² their crooked titles
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

King Henry. May I with right and conscience make this
 claim?

Canterbury. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
 For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
 When the man dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
 Look back into your mighty ancestors:

¹ Of direct descent.

² Secure.

Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,"
 Making defeat on the full power of France,
 While his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of French nobility.
 O noble English, that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pride of France,
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
 You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
 The blood and courage that renowned them
 Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exeter. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth 20
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
 As did the former lions of your blood.

Westmoreland. They know your grace hath cause and
 means and might;
 So hath your highness; never king of England
 Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
 And lie pavilion'd¹ in the fields of France.

Canterbury. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
 With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
 In aid whereof we of the spirituality²
 Will raise your highness such a mighty sum

¹ Tented.

² The clergy.

As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

King Henry. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions¹ to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us 5
With all advantages.

Canterbury. They of those marches,² gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

King Henry. We do not mean the coursing snatchers³ 11
only,

But fear the main intendment⁴ of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy⁵ neighbor to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France 15
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom["]
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,["]
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns; 20
That England, being empty of defense,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighborhood.

Canterbury. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd,
my liege;

For hear her but exampled by herself: 25
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken and impounded⁶ as a stray
The Kings of Scots; whom she did send to France, 30
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise

¹ Sufficient forces.

⁴ Purpose.

² The border land.

⁵ Changeable.

³ Robbers.

⁶ Shut up.

As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.

Westmoreland. But there's a saying very old and true,
'If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:'

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exeter. It follows then the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a curst necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing¹ in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Canterbury. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers² functions,
Setting endeavor in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot³ upon the summer's velvet buds,

¹ Agreeing.

² Different.

³ Plunder.

Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark, as many ways meet in one town,
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea,
As many lines close in the dial's center;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia¹ shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

King Henry. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*

Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,

¹ France.

Ruling in large and ample empery¹
 O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms.
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
 Either our history shall with full mouth 5
 Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
 Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph."

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
 Of our fair cousin Dauphin;" for we hear 10
 Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

First Ambassador. May 't please your majesty to give us
 leave

Freely to render what we have in charge;
 Or shall we sparingly show you far off 15
 The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

King Henry. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
 Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
 As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
 Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness 20
 Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Ambassador. Thus then, in few.
 Your highness, lately sending into France,
 Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
 Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third. 25
 In answer of which claim, the prince our master
 Says that you savor too much of your youth,"
 And bids you be advis'd there's nought in France
 That can be with a nimble galliard² won;
 You cannot revel into dukedoms there. 30

¹ Dominion.

² A lively dance.

He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
 This tun¹ of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
 Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
 Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

King Henry. What treasure, uncle? 5

Exeter.

Tennis-balls, my liege.

King Henry. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;

His present and your pains we thank you for.

When we have match'd our rackets to these balls, 10

We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set

Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.²

Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler²

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd

With chases.³ And we understand him well,

How he comes o'er usⁿ with our wilder days,

Not measuring what use we made of them.

We never valued this poor seat of England,

And therefore, living hence, did give ourself

To barbarous license; as 't is ever common

That men are merriest when they are from home.

But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,

Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness

When I do rouse me in my throne of France:

For that I have laid by my majesty

And plodded like a man for working-days,

But I will rise there with so full a glory

That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,

Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.

And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his

Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul

Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance

15

20

25

30

¹ A barrel.

² Contestant.

³ Certain plays in the old game of tennis.

That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
 And some are yet ungotten and unborn
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn. 5
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
 Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause. 10
 So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
 His jest will savor but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.—
 Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Exeter. This was a merry message. 15
King Henry. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
 Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
 That may give furtherance to our expedition;
 For we have now no thought in us but France,
 Save those to God, that run before our business. 20
 Therefore let our proportions for these wars
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
 That may with reasonable swiftness add
 More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door. 25
 Therefore let every man now task his thought,
 That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.¹*]

¹ A strain of music.

ACT II

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dallianceⁿ in the wardrobe lies:

Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.

They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries;ⁿ

5

For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.

10

The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.

15

O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honor would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!

But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms,ⁿ which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt indeed!—
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,

20

25

If hell and treason hold their promises,
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
 The abuse of distance; " force a play.
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed; 5
 The king is set from London; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas 10
 To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit.]

SCENE I. *London. A Street.*

Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bardolph. Well met, Corporal Nym. 15

Nym. Good Morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bardolph. What, are Ancient["] Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end. 23

Bardolph. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may; that is my rest, that is the rendezvous¹ of it. 29

¹ Meeting place. Here used ignorantly for "conclusion."

Bardolph. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and certainly she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight¹ to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and HOSTESS.

Bardolph. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol! 10

Pistol. Base tike,² call'st thou me host?

Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Hostess. No, by my troth, not long. [Nym and Pistol draw.] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful murder committed. 16

Bardolph. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pistol. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland! 21

Hostess. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valor, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog³ off? I would have you solus.⁴

Pistol. ‘Solus,’ egregious dog? O viper vile! 25
The ‘solus’ in thy most mervailous⁵ face;
The ‘solus’ in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!

¹ Engaged.

² Cur.

³ Move.

⁴ Alone. Pistol, not knowing what the word means, takes it as an insult.

⁵ Marvelous, i. e., ugly.

I do retort the ‘solus’ in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol’s cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason;” you cannot conjure me. I have an humor to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: and that’s the humor of it.

Pistol. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.

10

Bardolph. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I’ll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

[Draws.]

Pistol. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

15

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humor of it.

Pistol. ‘Couple a gorge!’”
That is the word. I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think’st thou my spouse to get?

20

No; to the spital¹ go,
And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazarus kite of Cressid’s kind,”
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the quondam² Quickly
For the only she; and—pauca,³ there’s enough.
Go to.

25

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,”
and you, hostess; he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good

¹ Hospital.

² Former. The hostess is called Mrs. Quickly in Part I and Part II of Shakespeare’s Henry IV.

³ In few words.

Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office
of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bardolph. Away, you rogue!

Hostess. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one
of these days. The king has killed his heart. Good hus-
band, come home presently. [Exeunt Hostess and Boy.

Bardolph. Come, shall I make you two friends? We
must to France together: why should we keep knives to
cut one another's throats? 9

Pistol. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at
betting?

Pistol. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humor of it.

Pistol. As manhood shall compound: push home. 15

[They draw.

Bardolph. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust,
I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pistol. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bardolph. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be
friends; an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too.
Prithee, put up. 21

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at
betting?

Pistol. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee, 25
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.
Is not this just? for I shall sutler¹ be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

30

¹ A camp follower who sells supplies to an army.

Pistol. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humor of 't.

Re-enter Hostess.

Hostess. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian,¹ that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him. 6

Nym. The king hath run bad humors on the knight; that's the even of it.

Pistol. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted¹ and corroborate.² 10

Nym. The king is a good king; but it must be as it may: he passes some humors and careers.²

Pistol. Let us condole the knight; for lambkins we will live.

SCENE II. *Southampton. A Council-chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

Bedford. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exeter. They shall be apprehended by and by. 15

Westmoreland. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bedford. The king hath note of all that they intend, 20
By interception which they dream not of.

Exeter. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd³ with gracious favors,—
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery! 25

¹ Broken.

² Made stronger. Pistol intended to use a word that means "weakened."

³ Satiated.

Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE,
GREY, and Attendants.

King Henry. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them? 5

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

King Henry. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence 10
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cambridge. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject 15
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey," and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal. 20

King Henry. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness. 25

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labor shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

King Henry. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider 30

It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

King Henry. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cambridge. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir,

You show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

King Henry. Alas, your too much care and love of me
Are heavy orisons¹ 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd.—And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?

Cambridge. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

King Henry. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is
yours;—

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose

¹ Petitions.

So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change!
 Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
 That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
 Out of appearance?

Cambridge. I do confess my fault;
 And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scroop.

King Henry. The mercy that was quick¹ in us but late,
 By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,

As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.—

See you, my princes and my noble peers,

These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,—

You know how apt our love was to accord

To furnish him with all appertinents²

Belonging to his honor; and this man

Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,

And sworn unto the practices of France,

To kill us here in Hampton: to the which

This knight, no less for bounty bound to us

Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.—But, O,

What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,

Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!

Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,

That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,

Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use,

May it be possible that foreign hire

Could out of thee extract one spark of evil

That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,

5

10

15

20

25

30

¹ Alive.

² Appropriate things.

That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
 As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason and murder ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly in a natural cause, 5
 That admiration¹ did not whoop² at them;
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence. 10
 All other devils that suggest by treasons
 Do botch and bungle up damnation
 With patches, colors, and with forms, being fetch'd
 From glistering semblances of piety; 15
 But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
 If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world, 20
 He might return to vasty Tartar["] back,
 And tell the legions, 'I can never win
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance!³ Show men dutiful? 25
 Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
 Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
 Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
 Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
 Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger, 30
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,

¹ Public astonishment.² Cry out.³ Trust.

Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
 Such and so finely bolted¹ didst thou seem:
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man² and best indued² 5
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man.—Their faults are open:
 Arrest them to the answer of the law;
 And God acquit them of their practices! 10

Exeter. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland. 16

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
 And I repent my fault more than my death;
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it. 20

Cambridge. For me, the gold of France did not seduce,
 Although I did admit it as a motive
 The sooner to effect what I intended:
 But God be thanked for prevention;
 Which I in sufferance³ heartily will rejoice, 25
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
 Prevented from a damned enterprise:
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign. 30

King Henry. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.

¹ Sifted, i. e., free from faults.

² Endowed mentally.

³ Suffering.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
 Receiv'd the golden earnest¹ of our death;
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
 His princes and his peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.

Touching our person seek we no revenge;
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
 The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
 You patience to endure, and true repentance
 Of all your dear offenses!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded.*
 Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 This dangerous treason lurking in our way
 To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
 But every rub² is smoothed on our way.
 Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God,
 Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
 No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *London. Before a Tavern.*

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, Nym, BARDOLPH, and Boy.

Hostess. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee
 to Staines."ⁿ

¹ Money paid to bind a bargain.

² Difficulty.

Pistol. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—
Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bardolph. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is,
either in heaven or in hell! 6

Hostess. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's
bosom," if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a
finer end, and went away an it had been any christom child;"
a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turn-
ing o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets
and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I
knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a
pen, and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John!'
quoth I: 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So a'cried out 'God,
God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid
him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to
trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me
lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and
felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to
his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward
and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Hostess. Ay, that a' did.

Bardolph. And of women. 25

Hostess. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Hostess. A' could never abide carnation; 'twas a color he
never liked.

Boy. Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon Bar-
dolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-
fire? 32

Bardolph. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire:
that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pistol. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels¹ and my movables:
Let senses rule; the word is ‘Pitch and Pay’: 5
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men’s faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, Caveto² be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals.²—Yoke-fellows in arms, 10
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that’s but unwholesome food, they say.

Pistol. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bardolph. Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her.]

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it; but, 17
adieu.

Pistol. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Hostess. Farewell; adieu. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *France. A Room in the King’s Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING, the DAUPHIN, the DUKES OF BERRI and BRETAGNE, the CONSTABLE, and others.

French King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defenses.

Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne, 25
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,

¹ Property.

² Wipe the tears from thine eyes,

To line and new repair our towns of war
 With men of courage and with means defendant;
 For England his approaches makes as fierce
 As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
 It fits us then to be as provident
⁵
 As fear may teach us out of late examples
 Left by the fatal and neglected English
 Upon our fields.

Dauphin. My most redoubted¹ father,
 It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
¹⁰
 For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
 Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
 But that defenses, musters, preparations,
 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
 As were a war in expectation.
¹⁵

Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
 And let us do it with no show of fear;
 No, with no more than if we heard that England
 Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:²
²⁰
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
 Her sceptre so fantastically borne
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
 That fear attends her not.

Constable. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
²⁵
 You are too much mistaken in this king:
 Question your grace the late ambassadors,
 With what great state he heard their embassy,
 How well supplied with noble counsellors,
 How modest in exception, and withal
³⁰
 How terrible in constant resolution,
 And you shall find his vanities forespent²
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,²

¹ Dreaded.

² Past.

Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
 As gardeners do with ordure¹ hide those roots
 That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dauphin. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;
 But though we think it so, it is no matter: 5
 In cases of defense 'tis best to weigh
 The enemy more mighty than he seems:
 So the proportions of defense are fill'd;
 Which of a weak and niggardly projection
 Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting 10
 A little cloth.

French King. Think we King Harry strong;
 And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain 15
 That haunted us in our familiar paths.
 Witness our too much memorable shame
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
 And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
 Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales; 20
 Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
 Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him,
 Mangle the work of nature and deface
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers . 25
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
 Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
 Do crave admittance to your majesty. 30

¹ Fertilizer.

French King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them. [Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.
You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dauphin. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten 5 Runs far before them. Good my sovereign, Take up the English short, and let them know Of what a monarchy you are the head: Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin As self-neglecting.

10

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and train.

French King. From our brother England?

Exeter. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,

That you divest yourself, and lay apart

The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,

By law of nature and of nations, longs

To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown

And all wide-stretched honors that pertain

By custom and the ordinance of times

Unto the crown of France. That you may know

'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,

Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,

He sends you this most memorable line,

In every branch truly demonstrative,

Willing you overlook this pedigree;

And when you find him evenly¹ deriv'd

From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,

Edward the Third, he bids you then resign

Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held

From him the native and true challenger.

15

20

25

30

¹ Without doubt.

French King. Or else what follows?

Exeter. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fiery tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,ⁿ 5
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head 10
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message; 15
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

French King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England. 20

Dauphin. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exeter. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at. 25
Thus says my king; and if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultagesⁿ of France 30
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.¹

Dauphin. Say, if my father render fair return,

¹ Cannon.

It is against my will; for I desire
 Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
 As matching to his youth and vanity,
 I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exeter. He'll make your Paris Louvreⁿ shake for it, 5
 Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:
 And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
 As we his subjects have in wonder found,
 Between the promise of his greener days
 And these he masters now. Now he weighs time 10
 Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
 In your own losses, if he stay in France.

French King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exeter. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
 Come here himself to question our delay; 15
 For he is footed¹ in this land already.

French King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair con-
 ditions:
 A night is but small breath and little pause
 To answer matters of this consequence. 20

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

ACT III

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
 Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet 25

¹ Landed.

With silken streamers the young Phœbusⁿ fanning:
 Play with your fancies, and in them behold
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
 Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think
 You stand upon the rivage¹ and behold
 A city on the inconstant billowsⁿ dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestical,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
 Grapple your minds to sternageⁿ of this navy,
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
 Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance;
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded² Harfleur.
 Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
 Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
 Katherine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
 With linstock³ now the devilish cannon touches,

[Alarum, and chambers⁴ go off.]

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind. [Exit.]

¹ Shore.² Encircled, i. e., besieged.³ A long stick formerly used to hold the fire that discharged a cannon.⁴ Short cannon used in theaters in Shakespeare's time.

SCENE I. *France. Before Harfleur.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.

King Henry. Once more unto the breach,¹ dear friends, once more,

Or close the wall up with our English dead!

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man

As modest stillness and humility;

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Then imitate the action of the tiger:

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,

Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd² rage;

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;

Let it pry through the portage of the head

Like the brass cannon;³ let the brow o'erwhelm it

As fearfully as doth a galled rock⁴

O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,

Swill'd⁴ with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,

Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit

To his full height. On, on, you noble English,

Whose blood is fet⁵ from fathers of war-proof,

Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,⁶

Have in these parts from morn till even fought

And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument!

Dishonor not your mothers; now attest

That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,⁷

And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us here

¹ An opening made in the walls of the city.

² Fierce looking.

³ A rock worn by the action of the waves.

⁴ Washed.

⁵ Fetched.

The mettle of your pasture?" let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
 Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
 Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'

5

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Part of the Field.*

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.

Bardolph. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pistol. The plain-song is most just, for humors do abound: 'Knocks go and come, God's vassals drop and die;

15
And sword and shield,

In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame.'

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pistol. And I:

20
'If wishes would prevail with me,

My purpose should not fail with me,

But thither would I hie.'

Boy. 'As duly, but not as truly,

As bird doth sing on bough.'

20

25

Enter Fluellen.

Fluellen. Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt,¹ you cullions²
 [Driving them forward.]

¹ Begone.

² Good-for-nothing fellows.

Pistol. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,

Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock,¹ bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!²

Nym. These be good humors! your honor wins bad humors.

[*Exeunt all but Boy.*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers.³ I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics⁴ do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case,⁵ bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching⁶ and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their hankerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[*Exit.*]

¹ Fine fellow.

² A term of endearment.

³ Blusterers.

⁴ Fools.

⁵ A case for a stringed instrument resembling a mandolin.

⁶ Stealing.

Enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gower. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines;¹ the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Fluellen. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so goot to come to the mines; for, look you,² the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities³ of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digit himself four yard under the coundermines:⁴ I think a' will plow up all, if there is not petter directions. 9

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Fluellen. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Fluellen. He is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog. 18

Enter MACMORRIS and Captain JAMY.

Gower. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Fluellen. Captain Jamy is a marvelous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' auncient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine⁵ wars of the Romans. 26

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

¹ Subterranean passages filled with explosives.

² Don't you see?

⁴ Mines dug to destroy the enemy's mines.

³ Depth.

⁵ Primitive.

Fluellen. God-den to your worship, goot Captain James.

Gower. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners¹ given o'er?

Macmorris. La! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, la! in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done! 8

Fluellen. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputationes with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point. 15

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Macmorris. It is no time to discourse, the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, la! 25

Jamy. By the mess,² ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay'll do gud service, or ay'll lig³ i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ay'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway. 30

Fluellen. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

¹ Pioneers: soldiers who dig mines, make trenches and so forth.

² The Mass.

³ Lie.

Macmorris. Of my nation! What ish my nation? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal.

Fluellen. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; peing as goot a man as yourself, poth in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my pirth, and in other particularities. 9

Macmorris. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so save me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [A parley¹ sounded.]

Gower. The town sounds a parley. 14

Fluellen. Captain Macmorris, when there is more petter opportunity to pe required, look you, I will pe so pold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Same. Before the Gates.*

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls: the English forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his train.

King Henry. How yet resolves the governor of the town? This is the latest parle² we will admit: Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves; 20 Or, like to men proud of destruction, Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier, A name that in my thoughts becomes me best, If I begin the battery³ once again, I will not leave the half-achieved⁴ Harfleur Till in her ashes she lie buried. 25

¹ A trumpet call for a meeting between representatives of both armies.

² Conference.

³ Battering down the walls.

⁴ Half taken.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
 And the flesh'd soldier," rough and hard of heart,
 In liberty of bloody hand shall range
 With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
 Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.

5

What is it then to me, if impious war,
 Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,
 Do, with his smirch'd¹ complexion, all fell² feats
 Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand
 Of hot and forcing violation?

10

What rein can hold licentious wickedness
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
 We may as bootless³ spend our vain command
 Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,

15

As send precepts to the leviathan⁴
 To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
 Take pity of your town and of your people,
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;

20

Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.

If not, why, in a moment look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry"
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen."

25

30

¹ Begrimed, i. e., powder-stained.

³ Uselessly.

² Cruel.

⁴ A great water creature, possibly the whale.

What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defense, be thus destroy'd?

Governor. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succors¹ we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

King Henry. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter, 10
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais. 15
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish.* *The King and his train enter the town.*

SCENE IV. *Rouen. A Room in the Palace.*²

Enter KATHERINE and ALICE.

Katherine. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien
le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Katherine. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne
à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée de hand.

Katherine. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me
souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de
fingres; oui, de fingres.

¹ For help.

² See translation of this scene, page 127.

Katherine. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? nous les appelons de nails.

Katherine. De nails. Ecoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails. 6

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Katherine. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Katherine. Et le coude? 10

Alice. De elbow.

Katherine. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Katherine. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de bilbow. 16

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Katherine. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame. 20

Katherine. De nick. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Katherine. De sin. Le col, de nick; de menton, de sin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre. 25

Katherine. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?

Katherine. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: de hand, de fingres, de mails,— 31

Alice. De nails, madame.

Katherine. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Katherine. Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun.

Katherine. De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le coun! Néanmoins, je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

10

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Katherine. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Same.*

Enter the KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the DUKE OF BOURBON, the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, and others.

French King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Constable. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all, 15
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dauphin. O Dieu vivant!¹ shall a few sprays of us,["]
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions,["] put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt² up so suddenly into the clouds, 20
And overlook their grafters?["]

20

Bourbon. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!

Mort de ma vie!³ if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom, 25
To buy a slobbery⁴ and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten["] isle of Albion.⁵

25

¹ O living God!

⁴ Wet.

² Grow.

⁵ England.

³ Death of my life.

Constable. Dieu de batailles!¹ where have they this mettle?
 Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
 On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
 Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
 A drench for sur-rein'd jades,² their barley broth,
 Decoct³ their cold blood to such valiant heat?
 And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
 Seem frosty? O, for honor of our land,
 Let us not hang like roping⁴ icicles
 Upon our houses' thatch,⁵ whiles a more frosty people
 Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!
 Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dauphin. By faith and honor,
 Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
 Our mettle is bred out.

Bourbon. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
 And teach lavoltas⁶ high and swift corantos;⁷
 Saying our grace is only in our heels,
 And that we are most lofty runaways.

French King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him
 hence:

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
 Up, princes! and, with spirit of honor edg'd
 More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
 Charles Delabreth, high constable⁸ of France;
 You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
 Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
 Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,

¹ God of battles.

³ Boil, or warm.

⁵ A roof of straw.

² Over-ridden horses.

⁴ Long, rope-like.

⁶ The commander-in-chief of the army.

For your great seatsⁿ now quit youⁿ of great shames.
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
 With pennons¹ painted in the blood of Harfleur:
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat 5
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
 Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
 And in a captive chariot into Rouen
 Bring him our prisoner.

Constable. This becomes the great. 10
 Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
 For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And for achievement offer us his ransom. 15

French King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
 And let him say to England that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.—
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dauphin. Not so, I do beseech your majesty. 20
French King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—
 Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *The English Camp in Picardy.*

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN, meeting.

Gower. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge? 25

Fluellen. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

¹ Pennants.

Fluellen. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon;” and a man that I love and honor with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—Got pe praised and plessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony;” and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gower. What do you call him?

10

Fluellen. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Fluellen. Here is the man.

Pistol. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favors:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

15

Fluellen. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pistol. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valor, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune’s furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

20

Fluellen. Py your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

30

Pistol. Fortune is Bardolph’s foe, and frowns on him;

For he hath stolen a pax,¹ and hanged must a' be:
A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak: the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Fluellen. Aunchient' Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pistol. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Fluellen. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my prother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to pe used.

Pistol. Die and be damn'd! and figo² for thy friendship!

Fluellen. It is well.

Pistol. The fig of Spain!

[Exit.]

Fluellen. Very goot.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a cutpurse.³

Fluellen. I'll assure you, a' uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gower. Why, 'tis a gull,⁴ a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by

¹ Probably a pyx, a costly box in which the consecrated wafer used in Mass is kept.

² Spanish for "fig."

³ Pickpocket.

⁴ One who is easily fooled.

rode where services were done; at such and such a sconce,¹ at such a breach, at such a convoy;² who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con³ perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvelously mistook. 9

Fluellen. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [Drum heard.] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and colors. Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER,
and Soldiers.

Got pless your majesty!

15

King Henry. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

Fluellen. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you: and there is gallant and most prave passages; marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

King Henry. What men have you lost, Fluellen? 24

Fluellen. The perdition of th' athversary hath peen very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to pe executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the

¹ Fortification.

² An escort of soldiers. Also that which is escorted or protected.

³ Commit to memory.

man: his face is all bubukles,¹ and whelks,² and knobs,³ and flames o' fire: and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

King Henry. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket.⁴ Enter MONTJOY.

Montjoy. You know me by my habit.⁵

King Henry. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Montjoy. My master's mind. 15

King Henry. Unfold it.

Montjoy. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer⁶ is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfac-

¹ Red swellings.

² Small pimples.

³ Hard lumps.

⁴ Flourish of trumpets.

⁵ His costume as herald.

⁶ Treasury.

tion. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

King Henry. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Montjoy. Montjoy.

King Henry. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy king I do not seek him now; But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,¹

Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much

Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,

My people are with sickness much enfeebled,

My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have

Almost no better than so many French;

Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,

I thought upon one pair of English legs

Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,

That I do brag thus!—This your air of France

Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.

Go therefore, tell thy master here I am:

My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,

My army but a weak and sickly guard;

Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,

Though France himself and such another neighbor

Stand in our way. There's for thy labor, Montjoy.

Go, bid thy master well advise himself:

If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,

We shall your tawny² ground with your red blood

Discolor: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.

The sum of all our answer is but this:

We would not seek a battle, as we are,

Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:

So tell your master.

5

10

15

20

25

30

¹ Truth.

² Yellowish brown.

Montjoy. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[*Exit.*]

Gloucester. I hope they will not come upon us now.

King Henry. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night.

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,

5

And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

*Enter the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, the LORD RAMBURES,
ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, with others.*

Constable. Tut! I have the best armor of the world. Would
it were day!

Orleans. You have an excellent armor; but let my horse
have his due. 10

Constable. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orleans. Will it never be morning?

Dauphin. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable,
you talk of horse and armor?

Orleans. You are as well provided of both as any prince
in the world. 16

Dauphin. What a long night is this!—I will not change
my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ça,¹
ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le
cheval volant,² the Pegasus,³ chez les narines de feu!³ When
I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the
earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof
is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.³

Orleans. He's of the color of the nutmeg. 24

Dauphin. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for
Perseus:⁴ he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of

¹ So.

² The flying horse.

³ With fiery nostrils.

earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Constable. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse. 5

Dauphin. It is the prince of palfreys;¹ his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orleans. No more, cousin.

Dauphin. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: 'Wonder of nature,'— 17

Orleans. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Rambures. My lord constable, the armor that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Constable. Stars, my lord.

Dauphin. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Constable. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dauphin. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away. 25

Constable. Even as your horse bears your praises: who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dauphin. Would I were able to load him with his desert! —Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces. 30

Constable. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

¹ Saddle horses for road use.

Rambures. Who will go to hazardⁿ with me for twenty prisoners?

Constable. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dauphin. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. [Exit.

Orleans. The Dauphin longs for morning. 6

Rambures. He longs to eat the English.

Constable. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orleans. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince. 10

Constable. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orleans. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Constable. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orleans. He never did harm, that I heard of. 15

Constable. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orleans. I know him to be valiant.

Constable. I was told that by one that knows him better than you. 20

Orleans. What's he?

Constable. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orleans. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Constable. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey:¹ 'tis a hooded valor, and when it appears it will bate.²

Orleans. Ill will never said well.

Constable. I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.' 30

Orleans. And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due.'

Constable. Well placed: there stands your friend for the

¹ A servant.

² Flutter, i. e., weaken.

devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with ‘A pox of the devil.’

Orleans. You are the better at proverbs, by how much ‘A fool’s bolt is soon shot.’

Constable. You have shot over.

Orleans. ’Tis not the first time you were overshot.

5

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Constable. Who hath measured the ground?

Messenger. The Lord Grandpré.

10

Constable. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do:

Orleans. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

16

Constable. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orleans. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armor, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Rambures. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

22

Orleans. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that’s a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Constable. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious¹ and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

31

¹ Vigorous.

Orleans. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Constable. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orleans. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten 5
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Now entertain conjecture of a time["]
When creeping murmur and the poring dark["]
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.

From camp to camp through the foul womb of night 10
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.

Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle¹ sees the other's umber'd² face:

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armorers, accomplishing³ the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,["] 15
Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,

And the third hour of drowsy morning name.

Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,

The confident and over-lusty⁴ French

Do the low-rated⁵ English play at dice;["]

And chide the cripple tardy-gaited⁶ night,

¹ Battle line.

² Shadowed.

³ Equipping.

⁴ Over active.

⁵ Little respected.

⁶ Slow moving.

Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminante¹
 The morning's danger; and their gesture sad, 5
 Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent, 10
 Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
 For forth he goes and visits all his host,
 Bids them good Morrow with a modest smile,
 And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note 15
 How dread an army hath enrounded² him;
 Nor doth he dedicate³ one jot of color
 Unto the weary and all-watched night,
 But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint⁴
 With cheerful semblance⁵ and sweet majesty; 20
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
 A largess⁶ universal like the sun
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all, 25
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night.
 And so our scene must to the battle fly;
 Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,⁷ 30
 Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,

¹ Think about.⁴ Harmful influence.² Surrounded.⁵ Appearance.³ Give up.⁶ A gift.⁷ Fencing swords.

The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries¹ be. [Exit.]

SCENE I. *The English Camp at Agincourt.*

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOUCESTER.

King Henry. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;

The greater therefore should our courage be.—

Good Morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,

Would men observingly distil it out;

For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,

Which is both healthful and good husbandry:

Besides, they are our outward consciences,

And preachers to us all, admonishing

That we should dress us fairly for our end.

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,

And make a moral of the devil himself.

5

10

15

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good Morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:

A good soft pillow for that good white head

Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erpingham. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes² me better,
Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

20

King Henry. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example;³ so the spirit is eas'd:

And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,

The organs, though defunct and dead before,

Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,

With casted slough⁴ and fresh legerity.⁴

25

¹ Unworthy imitations.

³ The cast off skin of a serpent.

² Pleases.

⁴ Nimbleness.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
 Commend me to the princes in our camp;
 Do my good Morrow to them, and anon.¹
 Desire² them all to my pavilion.

Gloucester. We shall, my liege.

5

Erpingham. Shall I attend your grace?

King Henry. No, my good knight;
 Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
 I and my bosom³ must debate a while,
 And then I would no other company.

10

Erpingham. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exeunt all but King.*

King Henry. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pistol. Qui va là?⁴

King Henry. A friend.

15

Pistol. Discuss⁵ unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

King Henry. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pistol. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

King Henry. Even so. What are you?

20

Pistol. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

King Henry. Then you are a better than the king.

Pistol. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,

A lad of life, an imp of fame;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant.

25

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-strings

I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

King Henry. Harry le Roy.⁶

¹ At once.

² Request.

³ Heart.

⁴ Who goes there?

⁵ Speak.

⁶ Harry the King.

Pistol. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

King Henry. No, I am a Welshman."

Pistol. Knows't thou Fluellen?

King Henry. Yes.

Pistol. Tell him, I'll knock his leek" about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.

King Henry. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap
that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pistol. Art thou his friend?

King Henry. And his kinsman too.

Pistol. The figo for thee, then!

King Henry. I thank you: God be with you!

Pistol. My name is Pistol call'd.

[Exit.]

King Henry. It sorts well with your fierceness.

15

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gower. Captain Fluellen!

Fluellen. So! Speak lower. It is the greatest admiration
in the universal world, when the true and auncient pre-
rogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would
take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great,"
you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor
pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall
find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the
forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to pe
otherwise.

25

Gower. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Fluellen. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating
coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you,
pe an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own
conscience, now?

30

Gower. I will speak lower.

Fluellen. I pray you and peseech you that you will.

[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*]

King Henry. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valor in this Welshman.

Enter Bates, Court, and Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which
breaks yonder? 5

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire
the approach of day.

Williams. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I
think we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

King Henry. A friend. 10

Williams. Under what captain serve you?

King Henry. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Williams. A good old commander and a most kind gen-
tleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

King Henry. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look
to be washed off the next tide. 16

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

King Henry. No; nor it is not meet he should. For,
though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I
am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element
shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but hu-
man conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he
appears but a man; and though his affections are higher
mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the
like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we
do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are:
yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appear-
ance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his
army. 29

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but

I believe, as cold a night as 't is, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

King Henry. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is. 6

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

King Henry. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honorable. 13

Williams. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us. 18

Williams. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; who to disobey were against all proportion of subjection. 30

King Henry. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation¹ of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon

¹ Reproach.

his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities,¹ you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement² of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some peradventure have on them the guilt of pre-meditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is His beadle,³ war is His vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach³ of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

¹ Decision.² An officer who summoned people to court.³ Earlier violation.

Williams. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head; the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King Henry. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Williams. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

King Henry. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Williams. You pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun,¹ that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King Henry. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Williams. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

King Henry. I embrace it.

Williams. How shall I know thee again?

King Henry. Give me any gage² of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet:³ then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Williams. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

King Henry. There.

Williams. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

King Henry. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Williams. Thou darest as well be hanged.

¹ A pop-gun made of elder.

² A glove or some other light article given as a challenge.

³ Cap.

King Henry. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Williams. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. 5

King Henry. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,

10

Our debts, our careful wives,

Our children, and our sins lay on the king!

We must bear["] all. O hard condition,

Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath

15

Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel

But his own wringing!¹ What infinite heart's-ease

Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!

And what have kings, that privates have not too,

Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

20

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?

O ceremony, show me but thy worth!

What is thy soul of adoration?

25

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,

Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd

Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

30

But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

¹ Pain.

Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?¹
 Will it give place to flexure² and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream, 5
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
 I am a king that find thee, and I know
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,³ 10
 The farced³ title running fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world;
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical, 15
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
 Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set 20
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium;⁴ next day after dawn,
 Doth rise and help Hyperion⁴ to his horse,
 And follows so the ever-running year,
 With profitable labor, to his grave: 25
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage⁴ of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots⁵ 30
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

¹ Flattery.² Obsequious bowing.³ Pompous.⁴ Superiority.⁵ Knows.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erpingham. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

King Henry. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erpingham. I shall do 't, my lord. [Exit.

King Henry. O God of battles! steel my soldiers'
hearts;

Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers 10
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!"
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite¹ tears 15
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries,² where the sad and solemn priests 20
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Gloucester. My liege!

King Henry. My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [Exeunt.

¹ Repentant.

² Chapels.

SCENE II. *The French Camp.*

Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others.

Orleans. The sun doth gild our armor; up, my lords!

Dauphin. Montez à cheval!¹ My horse! varlet! laquais!² ha!

Orleans. O brave spirit!

Dauphin. Via! les eaux et la terre.³

5

Orleans. Rien puis? l'air et le feu.⁴

Dauphin. Ciel,⁵ cousin Orleans.

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord constable!

Constable. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!

Dauphin. Mount them, and make incisionⁿ in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout⁶ them with superfluous courage, ha!

11

Rambures. What, will you have them weep our horses'
blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

15

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Constable. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales⁷ and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-axe⁸ a stain,

20

¹ To horse!

² Servants.

³ Go! The waters and the earth!

⁴ Nothing more? Air and fire.

⁵ Heaven.

⁶ Put out.

⁷ Shells.

⁸ Cutlass.

That our French gallants shall to-day draw out.
 And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
 The vapor of our valor will o'erturn them.
 'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
 That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
 Who in unnecessary actions swarm
 About our squares of battle, were enow
 To purge this field of such a hilding¹ foe,
 Though we upon this mountain's basis by
 Took stand for idle speculation:
 But that our honors must not. What's to say?
 A very little little let us do,
 And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
 The tucket sonance² and the note to mount;
 For our approach shall so much dare³ the field
 That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grandpré. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
 Yon island carions,⁴ desperate of their bones,
 Ill-favoredly become the morning field:
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
 And faintly through a rusty beaver⁴ peeps:
 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
 With torch-staves⁵ in their hand; and their poor jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimbal bit⁶
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;

¹ Spiritless.

² A flourish.

³ Frighten.

⁴ Armor protecting the lower part of the face.

⁵ Sticks holding torches.

⁶ A bit made of interlocked rings.

And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
In life so lifeless as it shows itself. 5

Constable. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dauphin. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them? 10

Constable. I stay but for my guidon:¹ to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The English Camp.*

Enter the English Host; Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, Salisbury, and Westmoreland.

Gloucester. Where is the king? 15

Bedford. The king is rode² to view their battle.

Westmoreland. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exeter. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Salisbury. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds. 20
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu! 25

Bedford. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exeter. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:

¹ A small flag.

² Has ridden.

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valor.

[Exit Salisbury.]

Bedford. He is as full of valor as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter the KING.

Westmoreland. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

King Henry. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;¹
It yearns¹ me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz,² wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach³ to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns⁴ for convoy⁵ put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

¹ Grieves.

³ Desire.

² Cousin, a title given to certain noblemen.

⁴ Gold pieces.

⁵ Conveyance.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian: ⁿ
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall live this day, and see old age, 5
 Will yearly on the vigil ⁿ feast his neighbors,
 And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
 And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot, 10
 But he'll remember with advantages
 What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester, 15
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered, 20
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,¹
 This day shall gentle² his condition:
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed 25
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Salisbury. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
 The French are bravely in their battles³ set, 30

¹ Low in birth.

² Ennoble.

³ Lines of battle.

And will with all expedience¹ charge on us.

King Henry. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

Westmoreland. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

King Henry. Thou dost not wish more help from England,
coz?⁶

Westmoreland. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

King Henry. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand
men,¹⁰

Which likes me better than to wish us one.—

You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Montjoy. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,²
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted.³ Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind⁴
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.²⁰

King Henry. Who hath sent thee now?

Montjoy. The Constable of France.

King Henry. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve⁵ me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt³⁰

¹ Haste.

² Come to agreement.

³ Swallowed down.

⁴ Remind.

⁵ Gain, i. e., capture.

Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
 Shall witness live in brass¹ of this day's work;
 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
 Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
 They shall be fam'd: for there the sun shall greet them, 5
 And draw their honors reeking up to heaven,
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
 Mark then abounding valor in our English,
 That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing, 10
 Break out into a second course of mischief,
 Killing in relapse of mortality."
 Let me speak proudly: tell the constable
 We are but warriors for the working-day;
 Our gayness and our gilt¹ are all besmirch'd 15
 With rainy marching in the painful field;
 There's not a piece of feather in our host—
 Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
 And time hath worn us into slovenry:²
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim; 20
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
 And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
 As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then 25
 Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labor;
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the constable. 30

Montjoy. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit.]

King Henry. I fear thou'l once more come again for ransom.

¹ Gilded armor and weapons.

² Slovenliness.

Enter York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.¹

King Henry. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march
away:

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The Field of Battle.*

*Alarum. Excursions.*² Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, and
Boy.

Pistol. Yield, cur!

French Soldier. Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de
bonne qualité.³

Pistol. Quality! Callino, castore me!⁴ Art thou a gentle-
man? what is thy name? discuss. 10

French Soldier. O Seigneur Dieu!⁴

Pistol. O Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:
Perpend⁵ my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark;
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,⁶
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me 15
Egregious⁶ ransom.

French Soldier. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!⁷

Pistol. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood. 20

French Soldier. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de
ton bras?⁸

Pistol. Brass, cur!

¹ The vanguard.

² Soldiers hurry on and off the scene.

³ I think that you are a gentleman of good quality.

⁴ O Lord God!

⁵ Weigh.

⁶ Extraordinary.

⁷ O take mercy! Have pity on me!

⁸ Is it impossible to escape the force of thy arm?

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

French Soldier. O pardonnez moi!¹

Pistol. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name. 5

Boy. Écoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?²

French Soldier. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pistol. Master Fer! I'll fer³ him, and firk⁴ him, and
ferret⁵ him: discuss the same in French unto him. 11

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and
firk.

Pistol. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

French Soldier. Que dit-il, monsieur?⁶ 15

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous
prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper
votre gorge.ⁿ

Pistol. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,^m

Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword. 20

French Soldier. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu,
me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gar-
dez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.ⁿ

Pistol. What are his words? 25

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a
good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hun-
dred crowns.

Pistol. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take. 30

French Soldier. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?⁷

¹ O pardon me!

³ The Frenchman's name repeated.

⁶ What says he, Sir?

² Listen: what is your name?

⁴ Beat.

⁵ Worry.
⁷ Little sir, what does he say?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchise-
ment.¹

French Soldier. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valliant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.²

8

Pistol. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pistol. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show. Follow me!

15

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.¹ [Exeunt *Pistol* and *French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, ‘The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.’ Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valor than this roaring devil i’ the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are bòth hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys.

[Exit.]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter ORLEANS, BOURBON, DAUPHIN, CONSTABLE, and RAMBURES.

Constable. O diable!²

27

Orleans. O Seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!³

¹ Follow the great captain.

² O the devil!

³ O lord! the day is lost, everything is lost!

Dauphin. Mort de ma vie!¹ all is confounded, all!
 Reproach and everlasting shame
 Sit mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune!²
 Do not run away. [A short alarum.]

Constable. Why, all our ranks are broke. 5

Dauphin. O perdurable³ shame! let's stab ourselves.
 Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orleans. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bourbon. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
 Let us die in honor: once more back again! 10

Constable. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend⁴ us now!
 Let us on heaps⁵ go offer up our lives.

Orleans. We are enow yet living in the field
 To smother up the English in our throngs,
 If any order might be thought upon. 15

Bourbon. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:
 Let life be short; else shame will be too long. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY and forces, EXETER, and others.

King Henry. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen:

But all's not done; yet keep the French the field. 20

Exeter. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

King Henry. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
 I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting;
 From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exeter. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie, 25
 Larding⁶ the plain; and by his bloody side,

¹ Death of my life!

⁴ Help.

² O evil fortune.

⁵ In great numbers.

³ Lasting.

⁶ Enriching with his blood.

Yoke-fellow¹ to his honor-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,²
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten³ field
We kept together in our chivalry!'

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught⁴ me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says 'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament⁵ of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters⁶ from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother⁷ came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

King Henry. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue⁷ too.—
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through.

[*Alarum.*

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Close companion.

² Soaked.

³ Well-fought.

⁴ Reached.

⁵ A solemn declaration.

⁶ Tears.

⁷ Flow with tears.

SCENE VII. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Fluellen. Kill the poys and the luggage! 't is expressly against the law of arms: 't is as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can pe offert; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gower. 'T is certain there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battlē ha' done this slaughter; besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

10

Fluellen. Ay, he was born at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig¹ was born?

Gower. Alexander the Great.

Fluellen: Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gower. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

19

Fluellen. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons, between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is poth alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 't is alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in poth. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there

¹ The Big.

is figures in all things. Alexander, Got knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also peing a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Cleitus."⁵

Gower. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Fluellen. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, peing in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, peing in his right wits and his goot judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name. ¹⁵

Gower. Sir John Falstaff.

Fluellen. That is he: I'll tell you there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gower. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY and forces, WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, and others.

King Henry. I was not angry since I came to France ²⁰
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void¹ the field; they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them, ²⁵
And make them skirr² away as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrianⁿ slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so. ³⁰

¹ Leave.

² Run.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exeter. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Gloucester. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

King Henry. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?

Com'st thou again for ransom?

Montjoy. No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable license,¹

That we may wander o'er this bloody field

To book² our dead, and then to bury them;

To sort our nobles from our common men.

For many of our princes—woe the while!—

Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;³

So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs

In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds

Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage

Yerk³ out their armed heels at their dead masters,

Killing them twice.⁴ O, give us leave, great king,

To view the field in safety, and dispose

Of their dead bodies!

King Henry. I tell thee truly, herald,

I know not if the day be ours or no;

For yet a many of your horsemen peer⁴

And gallop o'er the field.

Montjoy. The day is yours.

King Henry. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Montjoy. They call it Agincourt.

King Henry. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Fluellen. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please

¹ Permission.

² List.

³ Jerk.

⁴ Appear.

your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Black Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

King Henry. They did, Fluellen.

Fluellen. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honorable badge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day." 10

King Henry. I wear it for a memorable honor;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Fluellen. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh ploot out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too! 16

King Henry. Thanks, good my countryman.

Fluellen. I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be Got, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

King Henry. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him.
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.*

Exeter. Soldier, you must come to the king. 25

King Henry. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

Williams. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

King Henry. An Englishman? 30

Williams. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th'

ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

King Henry. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath? 5

Fluellen. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

King Henry. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.ⁿ

Fluellen. Though he pe as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Luciferⁿ and Pelzebubⁿ himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he pe perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-sauce,¹ as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la! 15

King Henry. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

Williams. So I will, my liege, as I live.

King Henry. Who servest thou under?

Williams. Under Captain Gower, my liege. 20

Fluellen. Gower is a goot captain, and is goot knowledge and literatured² in the wars.

King Henry. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Williams. I will, my liege.

[Exit.]

King Henry. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favor for me and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: If any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love. 30

Fluellen. Your grace does me as great honors as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved³

¹ Saucy fellow.

² Well-read.

³ Aggrieved.

at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, an
please Got of his grace that I might see.

King Henry. Knowest thou Gower?

Fluellen. He is my dear friend, an please you.

King Henry. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to
my tent. 6

Fluellen. I will fetch him.

[Exit.

King Henry. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

10

The glove which I have given him for a favor

May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;

It is the soldier's: I by bargain should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him, as I judge

15

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant

And, touch'd with choler,¹ hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury:

20

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Before King Henry's Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Williams. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Fluellen. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech
you now, come apace² to the king: there is more goot toward
you peradventure³ than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Williams. Sir, know you this glove?

27

¹ Anger.

² At once.

³ Perhaps.

Fluellen. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Williams. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Fluellen. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England!

Gower. How now, sir! you villain!

5

Williams. Do you think I'll be forswn?

Fluellen. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows,¹ I warrant you.

Williams. I am no traitor.

Fluellen. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

12

Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER.

Warwick. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Fluellen. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised pe Got for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.

King Henry. How now! what's the matter?

Fluellen. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take["] out of the helmet of Alençon.

20

Williams. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

25

Fluellen. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, peggary, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness,

¹ Blows.

and will avouchment,¹ that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me; in your conscience, now?

King Henry. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;

5

And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Fluellen. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

King Henry. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Williams. All offenses, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

King Henry. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

12

Williams. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offense; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

King Henry. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns, And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;

20

And wear it for an honor in thy cap

Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:

And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Fluellen. Py this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles,² and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Williams. I will none of your money.

29

Fluellen. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you pe so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling,³ I warrant you, or I will change it.

¹ Avow.

² Brabbles, i. e., wrangles.

³ Shilling.

Enter an English Herald.

King Henry. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Herald. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

King Henry. What prisoners of good sortⁿ are taken, uncle?

Exeter. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:

5

Of others lords and barons, knights and squires,

Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

King Henry. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,

10

And nobles bearing banners,ⁿ there lie dead

One hundred twenty-six: added to these,

Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,

Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd¹ knights:

So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,

15

There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;

The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead:

Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;

20

Jacques of Chatillon, admiral of France;

The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;

Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dauphin,

John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,

The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,

25

And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,

Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,

Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.

Here was a royal fellowship of death!—

Where is the number of our English dead?

30

[*Herald shows him another paper.*]

¹ Made.

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
 Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
 None else of name; and of all other men
 But five and twenty.—O God, thy arm was here;
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
 Ascribe we all!—When, without stratagem,
 But in plain shock and even play of battle,
 Was ever known so great and little loss
 On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,
 For it is none but thine!

5

10

Exeter. 'Tis wonderful!

King Henry. Come, go we in procession to the village:
 And be it death proclaimed through our host
 To boast of this, or take that praise from God
 Which is his only.

15

Fluellen. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell
 how many is killed?

King Henry. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
 That God fought for us.

Fluellen. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

20

King Henry. Do we all holy rites;
 Let there be sung 'Non nobis'¹ and 'Te Deum.'²
 The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
 We'll then to Calais;³ and to England then;
 Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [Exeunt.

ACT V

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
 That I may prompt them: and of such as have,

27

¹ "Not unto us." Psalm 115.

² "We praise thee, O God." A well-known song of praise.

I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life
 Be here presented. Now we bear the king
 Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
 Athwart¹ the sea. Behold, the English beach
 Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
 Which like a mighty whiffler² fore the king
 Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
 And solemnly see him set on to London.
 So swift a pace hath thought that even now
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath;³
 Where that his lords desire him to have borne
 His bruised helmet and his bended sword
 Before him through the city: he forbids it,
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
 Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent³
 Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
 In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
 How London doth pour out her citizens!
 The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
 With the plebeians⁴ swarming at their heels,
 Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in;
 As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
 Were now the general⁵ of our gracious empress,⁵
 As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached⁵ on his sword,
 How many would the peaceful city quit,
 To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,

¹ Across.³ Manifestation.² One who goes ahead to clear the way.⁴ Common people.⁵ Spitted.

5

10

15

20

25

30

Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;—
 As yet the lamentation of the French
 Invites the King of England's stay at home;
 The emperor["] coming in behalf of France,
 To order peace between them;—and omit
 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
 Till Harry's back-return again to France:
 There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
 The interim;¹ by remembering you 'tis past.
 Then brook abridgment,["] and your eyes advance,
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [Exit.

5

10

SCENE I. *France. The English Camp.**Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

Gower. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek
 to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Fluellen. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scald,² peggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to pe no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not preed no contention["] with him; but I will pe so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires. 23

Enter PISTOL.

Gower. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Fluellen. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you!

¹ The meantime.² Scabby.

Pistol. Ha! art thou bedlam?¹ dost thou thirst, base Trojan,["]

To have me fold up Parca's["] fatal web?["]

Hence! I am qualmish² at the smell of leek.

Fluellen. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pistol. Not for Cadwallader["] and all his goats. 10

Fluellen. There is one goat for you. [Strikes him.] Will you pe so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pistol. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Fluellen. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [Strikes him.] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gower. Enough, captain: you have astonished him. 20

Fluellen. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.³

Pistol. Must I bite?

Fluellen. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.⁴

Pistol. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat, and yet I swear—

Fluellen. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear py. 30

Pistol. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Fluellen. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken

¹ Mad.

² Nauseated.

³ Head.

⁴ Uncertainties.

coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pistol. Good.

Fluellen. Ay, leeks is goot. Hold you, there is a groat¹ to heal your pate. 5

Pistol. Me a groat!

Fluellen. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pistol. I take thy groat in earnest² of revenge.

Fluellen. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall pe a woodmonger,³ and puy nothing of me but cudgels. Got b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.

Pistol. All hell shall stir for this. 13

Gower. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honorable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valor["] and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking⁴ and galling at["] this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [Exit.

Pistol. Doth Fortune play the huswife⁵ with me now? News have I, that my Nell["] is dead i' the spital Of malady of France; 25

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honor is cudgell'd.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. 30 [Exit.

¹ A silver coin worth fourpence.

² Pledge.

³ A seller of wood.

⁴ Joking.

⁵ Hussy, used here in contempt.

SCENE II. *Troyes. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter, at one door, KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHERINE, ALICE, and other Ladies, the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his train.¹

King Henry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met! Unto our brother France, and to our sister, Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes To our most fair and princely cousin Katherine; And, as a branch and member of this royalty, By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,² 5 We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy; And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

French King. Right joyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England; fairly met: 10 So are you, princes English, every one.

Queen Isabel. So happy be the issue, brother England, Of this good day and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes; Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them 15 Against the French, that met them in their bent,³ The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:⁴ The venom of such looks, we fairly hope, Have lost their quality, and that this day Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love. 20

King Henry. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Queen Isabel. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Burgundy. My duty to you both, on equal love, Great Kings of France and England! That I have labor'd With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavors, 25 To bring your most imperial majesties

¹ Followers.

² Planned.

³ Direction.

Unto this bar¹ and royal interview,
 Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
 Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
 That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
 You have congreeted,² let it not disgrace me,
 If I demand, before this royal view,
 What rub or what impediment there is,
 Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
 Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
 Should not in this best garden of the world,
 Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
 Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd,
 And all her husbandry³ doth lie on heaps,
 Corrupting in its own fertility.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
 Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,⁴
 Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas⁵
 The darnel,⁶ hemlock,⁷ and rank fumitory⁸
 Doth root upon, while that the coulter⁹ rusts
 That should deracinate¹⁰ such savagery;
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet,¹¹ and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies,¹² burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility.
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,

¹ Assembly. The actual bar was a light barrier between the French and the English.

² Exchanged greetings.

³ Agricultural products.

⁴ Even and thickly intergrown.

⁵ Uncultivated meadows.

⁶ Weeds that grow in fields of grain.

⁷ A poisonous plant with small white flowers.

⁸ A weed with small flowers.

¹⁰ Uproot.

⁹ A plow-knife.

¹¹ A sweet smelling plant.

¹² Hollow stalks.

Even so our houses and ourselves and children
 Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country;
 But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
 To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
 And every thing that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former favor
 You are assembled: and my speech entreats
 That I may know the let,¹ why gentle Peace
 Should not expel these inconveniences
 And bless us with her former qualities.

King Henry. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
 Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
 With full accord to all our just demands;
 Whose tenors and particular effects
 You have enschedul'd² briefly in your hands.

Burgundy. The king hath heard them; to the which as yet
 There is no answer made.

King Henry. Well then the peace,
 Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

French King. I have but with a cursorary³ eye
 O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
 To appoint some of your council presently
 To sit with us once more, with better heed
 To re-survey them, we will suddenly⁴
 Pass our accept⁵ and peremptory⁶ answer.

King Henry. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,
 And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
 Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king;
 And take with you free power to ratify,

¹ Obstacle.

⁴ Immediately.

² Listed.

⁵ Accepted.

³ Hasty.

⁶ Final.

Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
 Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
 Any thing in or out of our demands,
 And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
 Go with the princes, or stay here with us? 5

Queen Isabel. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:
 Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
 When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

King Henry. Yet leave our cousin Katherine here with us.
 She is our capital demand, compris'd 10
 Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Queen Isabel. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katherine, and Alice.*

King Henry. Fair Katherine, and most fair,
 Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
 Such as will enter at a lady's ear 15
 And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Katherine. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak
 your England.

King Henry. O fair Katherine, if you will love me soundly
 with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it
 brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Katherine. Pardonnez-moi,¹ I cannot tell vat is 'like me.'

King Henry. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like
 an angel. 24

Katherine. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?²

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.³

King Henry. I said so, dear Katherine; and I must not
 blush to affirm it.

Katherine. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont
 pleines de tromperies.⁴ 30

¹ Pardon me. ² What does he say? That I am like the angels?

³ Yes, truly, save your grace, so says he.

⁴ O good Lord! the tongues of men are full of deceits.

King Henry. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui,¹ dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

King Henry. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you:' then if you urge me farther than to say 'do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Katherine. Sauf votre honneur,² me understand vell. 14

King Henry. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet³ for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take

¹ Yes.

² Save your honor.

³ Box, i. e., hold a fist fight.

a fellow of plain and uncoined¹ constancy; for he perforce must do the right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater;² a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

14

Katherine. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

King Henry. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Katherine. I cannot tell vat is dat.

22

King Henry. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Quand j'ai le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi³,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne.⁴ It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

31

¹ Natural.

² Babbler.

³ When I have possession of France, and when you have possession of me. . . .

⁴ Then France is yours and you are mine.

Katherine. Sauf votre honneur, le Français que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglais lequel je parle.¹

King Henry. No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English; canst thou love me? 6

Katherine. I cannot tell.

King Henry. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. How answer you, la plus belle Katherine du monde, mon très-chere et divine déesse?² 15

Katherine. Your majestee ave fausse³ French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle⁴ dat is en France.

King Henry. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honor I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch

¹ Save your honor, the French that you speak is better than the English that I speak.

² Most beautiful Katherine in the world, my dear and divine goddess.

³ Have false.

⁴ Wise young lady.

the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say ‘Harry of England, I am thine:’ which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud ‘England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet’ is thine;’ who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katherine, break thy mind to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?

Katherine. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.¹ 11

King Henry. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Katherine. Den it sall also content me.

King Henry. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen. 16

Katherine. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissez votre grandeur en bai-sant la main d'une votre indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.²

King Henry. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Katherine. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coûture de France.³

King Henry. Madam my interpreter, what says she? 24

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour⁴ les⁵ ladies of France,—I cannot tell vat is baiser⁶ en⁷ English.

King Henry. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendre bettre que moi.⁸

¹ The king my father.

² Leave me, my lord, leave me, leave me: my faith, I do not wish that you should lower your greatness by kissing the hand of your unworthy servant; excuse me, I beg you, my most powerful lord.

³ For women and young girls to be kissed before their marriage is not the French custom.

⁴ For.

⁵ The.

⁶ Kiss.

⁷ In.

⁸ Understands better than I.

King Henry. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Oui, vraiment.¹

King Henry. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [Kissing her.] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father. 14

Re-enter the FRENCH KING and his QUEEN, BURGUNDY, and other Lords.

Burgundy. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

King Henry. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Burgundy. Is she not apt? 19

King Henry. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burgundy. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes. 27

King Henry. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

¹ Yes, truly.

French King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively,¹
the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with
maiden walls that war hath never entered.

King Henry. Shall Kate be my wife?

French King. So please you.

King Henry. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk
of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for
my wish shall show me the way to my will.

French King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

King Henry. Is't so, my lords of England?

Westmoreland. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter first, and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exeter. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your majesty demands that the King of France,
having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name
your highness in this form and with this addition, in French,
Notre très-cher fils Henri, roi d' Angleterre, héritier de
France,² and thus in Latin, Præclarissimus filius noster
Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.

French King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

King Henry. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

French King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood
raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighborhood and Christian-like accord

¹ As if in a perspective, a glass once used for looking at objects.

² Our very dear son Henry, king of England, heir of France.

In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

King Henry. Now, welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all, 5

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [Flourish.]

Queen Isabel. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!

As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,¹ 10

That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction² of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen, 15

Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

King Henry. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues. 20
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Sennet.*³ *Exeunt.*]

¹ Marriage.

² Agreement.

³ A trumpet call for entrance to or exit from the stage.

EPILOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,ⁿ
Our bending¹ author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; ["] and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [Exit.

¹ Toiling.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

HOW TO STUDY A PLAY

A play is a literary unit; therefore the study of any part of a play should refer to the play as a whole.

The first thing to do is to read the whole play, to learn where and when the action takes place and who and what are the characters introduced; to learn what event sets the action in motion; what series of events develops the action to a point of high interest; what part of the play is the turning point; what series of events leads to the conclusion; what hints are given as to what the conclusion will be; and what events finally end the play.

In all readings, whether of the play as a whole, or of acts, scenes, or individual lines, one should read imaginatively. He should imagine the scene of action, the appearance of the persons present, even the color and style of their garments and the sound of their voices. He should imagine himself taking part in the action, speaking with the characters and living their lives.

The entrance or exit of a character often changes not only the subject of conversation but the spirit of the action. When the words "enter," "exit," and "exeunt" occur one should stop his reading and ask himself what important thing has been said or done before the change in grouping took place.

At the end of every scene one should recall the main points already noted and consider which is of most importance. At the end of every act one should consider the striking points in the various scenes and notice which most influences the act. At the end of the play one should think of the development of the whole, noting how all the parts are linked together.

As action is guided by character one must study the persons who appear in the play. One should ask concerning every character: What kind of person is this? What motives move him? What de-

sires has he? Is he a strong or a weak character? How does he feel toward the other characters? Is he forced into action or does he force others into action? How does his presence affect the play as a whole?

One must do more than read imaginatively and thoughtfully. One must read lovingly, selecting scenes that he likes, passages that appeal to him, lines that stimulate fancy or thought. He should read sympathetically, with an eagerness to appreciate and a desire to find all that is good.

PASSAGES FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

1. How are the following passages connected with the plot of the play?
2. Explain the meaning of every passage, with reference to conduct in life.

“Therefore take heed . . .

How you awake our sleeping soul of war.” P. 17, l. 13.

“So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose. . . .” P. 23, l. 17-18.

“Touching our person seek we no revenge.” P. 38, l. 8.

“Peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defenses, musters, preparations,
Should be maintained.” P. 41, l. 11-14.

“Self-love . . . is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.” P. 43, l. 9-10.

“In peace there’s nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility.” P. 47, l. 4-5.

“. . . When lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.” P. 62, l. 9-11.

“. . . We are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.” P. 70, l. 3-5.

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil
Would men observingly distil it out." P. 70, l. 7-8.

"Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wing to fly from God." P. 75, l. 15-17.

"Every subject's duty is the king's;
But every subject's soul is his own." P. 75, l. 24-25.

"All offenses, my lord, come from the heart." P. 99, l. 10.

"... Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births." P. 107, l. 8-9.

What pictures present themselves when you read the following lines?

"Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth."
P. 12, l. 19-20.

"... Make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasures."
P. 21, l. 32.

"... Their emperor . . . surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold."
P. 23, l. 2-4.

"... A galled rock . . .
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean."
P. 47, l. 13-14.

PASSAGES SUITABLE FOR MEMORIZING

1. Act i, Scene 2, beginning with line 26, p. 22: "For so work the honey bees . . .", concluding with "the lazy yawning drone," line 10, p. 23.

2. Act ii, Scene 4, beginning with line 15, p. 42: "He is bred out of that bloody strain . . .", concluding with "and let us fear The native mightiness and fate of him," line 28.

3. Act iii, Prologue, beginning with line 23, p. 45: "Suppose that you have seen the well-appointed king . . .", concluding with "Holding due course to Harfleur," line 12, p. 46.

4. Act iv, Scene 3, beginning with line 1, p. 84: "This day is called the feast of Crispian . . .", concluding with "They fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day," line 28.

5. Act v, Prologue, beginning with line 7, p. 102: "Behold, the English beach pales in the flood . . .", concluding with "Quite from himself to God," line 19.

QUESTIONS ON THE TEXT

PROLOGUE

1. How does the prologue make us feel toward (a) King Henry? (b) the scenes of war? (c) the play itself?
2. Why do we like such lines as 19 and 20, p. 12?
3. What is the purpose of the prologue?

Act I

Scene 1.

1. Is the Archbishop of Canterbury a true patriot?
2. What do we learn concerning the king's knowledge of (a) church affairs? (b) political conditions? (c) war? (d) statesmanship?
3. How had the king passed his youth?
4. How had he gained his information?
5. Why did the king wish to hear the whole of Canterbury's argument?
6. How does Scene 1 make us feel toward the king?
7. What does Scene 1 tell us of political conditions in England?

Scene 2.

1. Why does the king charge Canterbury to tell him the exact truth?
2. Which is more convincing, Canterbury's argument or his eloquent persuasion?
3. Was the king convinced by argument, by persuasion, by the

personality of those who addressed him, or by a combination of these things?

4. What does his warning against the Scots show us about the king?
5. What is the meaning of Canterbury's speech, p. 22-23?
6. Why did the Dauphin send tennis balls to King Henry?
7. Why do we like King Henry's answer to the Dauphin's insult?
8. In what spirit does Henry enter upon war?
9. What is the point of highest interest in Scene 1?
10. How does Scene 1 make us feel toward the part of the play that is to follow?

Act II

Prologue. 1. How does the patriotic spirit of the English affect us toward the action of the play?

2. How does the conspiracy against Henry's life make us feel toward him?

Scene 1. 1. In what ways is this scene different from all that has gone before?

2. What parts of the scene are most humorous?
3. What is the source of the humor?

Scene 2. 1. Why does the king's knowledge of the conspiracy make the scene more dramatic?

2. Why do we have little sympathy for the three traitors?
3. How do they condemn themselves?
4. Why do we regard Henry as merciful even though he condemns the traitors?

5. On what grounds does Henry condemn the traitors?

6. Why does he seek no revenge for himself?

7. Of what is he the representative?

8. How does the scene lead our interest toward what is to follow?

Scene 3. 1. What sort of man was Falstaff?

2. What adds to the pathos of his death?

3. What is the dramatic reason for making the scene partly comic and partly pathetic?

4. Why do we like the scene?

Scene 4. 1. How do the repeated references to Henry's early life make us feel toward his power as a man?
 2. What is the effect of the reference to Cressy?
 3. How does Henry's desire to avert war affect us (a) toward him? (b) toward the action of the play?
 4. What opinion do we form of Exeter?
 5. What lines or expressions are especially striking?

Act III

Prologue. 1. By what means is the description made vivid?
 2. What is the dramatic advantage of making the war with France an event that concerns all England?

Scene 1. 1. What is Henry's conception of a man's duty (a) in peace? (b) in war?
 2. How does he arouse his men?
 3. What characteristic of the king is emphasized in the scene?
 4. What characteristics have been emphasized in the previous scenes?

Scene 2. 1. What is the relation between this scene and the preceding scene?
 2. How do the persons who appear in this scene differ from one another?
 3. What are some of the sources of humor in general?
 4. What are the sources of humor in this scene?
 5. How does the scene broaden our view of the war?

Scene 3. 1. What are the king's reasons for demanding the surrender of Harfleur?

2. Is Henry's picture of war true to history?
 3. How does the scene prepare us for the climax of the play?

Scene 4. 1. How does the humor of this scene differ from the humor of scene 2?
 2. How does it impress us toward the French princess?
 3. What is the reason for introducing the princess at this point in the play?

Scene 5. 1. How do the leaders of the French differ in spirit from King Henry?
 2. For what reasons have the French despised the English?

3. What is the condition of the English army?
4. What is the relation of this scene to the part of the play that is to follow?

Scene 6. 1. What is the advantage of uniting the story of Henry and the story of the clownish soldiers?

2. For what was Bardolph condemned?
3. What good qualities of the king are here disclosed?
4. How do the French explain their loss of Harfleur?
5. Why do we admire Henry's reply to the French?
6. How does this scene prepare us for the climax of the play?

Scene 7. 1. What is the condition of the French army?

2. Why do the French feel so certain of victory?
3. How does the Constable of France differ from the other French leaders?
4. What contrast is there between the spirit of Henry before the battle and the spirit of the French leaders?

Act IV

Prologue. 1. Which lines are most vivid in description?
 2. Select expressions that are especially suggestive.
 3. How does the prologue make us feel (a) toward the English? (b) toward the French? (c) toward King Henry? (d) toward the act that is to follow?

Scene 1. 1. How does Henry act in the presence of danger?
 2. Why does he joke with his men?
 3. How does he treat Sir Thomas Erpingham?
 4. For what actions do we admire him?
 5. What is the dramatic effect of emphasizing Henry's nobility?
 6. What is the object of uniting the comic and the serious plots?
 7. How do we feel toward Fluellen and Gower?
 8. What is the purpose of introducing so many minor characters?
 9. What does this scene do toward preparing for the climax of the play?
 10. Where does the king show humility?
 11. In what way are lines 100-108 like lines 51-66, Scene 1, Act iii, *The Merchant of Venice*? (b) Is the thought the same as the thought of Burns' poem, "A Man's a Man for A' That"?

12. What is the dramatic effect of giving so intimate a view of the king?
13. Why should Williams think the king responsible for war?
14. What does King Henry say of a subject's responsibilities?
15. Why does Henry say he will not be ransomed?
16. What is the dramatic effect of the challenge?
17. (a) What happiness comes with a simple life? (b) What sorrows come with greatness?

18. Why does the king dislike ceremony?

19. What is the dramatic effect of Henry's prayer?

Scene 2. 1. What is the dramatic effect of the overconfidence of the French?

2. Do the French exaggerate the poor condition of the English?

Scene 3. 1. What spirit moves the English?

2. Is Henry certain of victory?

3. What is the dramatic effect of his eloquent speech?

4. What characteristics does the king show in his reply to the Constable of France?

Scene 4. 1. What is the purpose of the scene?

2. What is the source of the humor?

Scene 5. 1. To what previous scene is this scene a contrast?

2. To what does the scene lead?

Scene 6. 1. Why is this scene made so personal?

2. What is the effect of this scene?

3. Why did Henry order his soldiers to kill the prisoners?

Scene 7. 1. What further reason is given for killing the prisoners?

2. What gives emphasis to the defeat of the French?

3. Why is the scene turned into comedy?

Scene 8. 1. Why does Henry take part in the glove affair?

2. Why were the French losses so great?

3. To what does Henry ascribe his victory?

Act V

Prologue. 1. Which lines give the most vivid pictures?

2. How long a time intervenes between the close of Act iv and the opening of scene 1, Act v?

Scene 1. 1. On what is the humor of this scene founded?

2. How do Fluellen and Pistol differ in character?

Scene 2. 1. What new characteristics of Henry are developed in this scene?

2. What characteristics of Henry have been developed during the course of the play?

3. What bad results have been caused by the war?

4. What is the source of the humor in the dialogue between the king and Katherine?

5. Why do we like Katherine?

6. How does this scene differ from the previous humorous scenes?

7. Why is the betrothal of Henry and Katherine a fit ending for the play? (b) What does it symbolize?

EPILOGUE

1. What is the purpose of the epilogue?

TRANSLATION OF SCENE IV, ACT III

K. Alice, you have been in England and you speak the language well.

A. A little, Madame.

K. I pray you, teach me; I must learn to speak. How do you say *la main* in English?

A. *La main*? It is called *de hand*.

K. *De hand*. And *les doigts*?

A. *Les doigts*? my faith, I forget *les doigts*; but I will think of it. *Les doigts*? I think that they are called *de fingres*; yes, *de fingres*.

K. *La main*, *de hand*; *les doigts*, *de fingres*. I think that I am a fine pupil; I have learned two English words quickly. How do you say *les ongles*?

A. *Les ongles*? We call them *de nails*.

K. *De nails*. Listen; tell me if I speak right: *de hand*, *de fingres*, and *de nails*.

A. That is well said, Madame; it is very fine English.

K. Tell me the English for *le bras*.

A. *De arm*, Madame.

K. And *le coude*?

A. De elbow.

K. De elbow. I am going to repeat all the words that you have taught me up to now.

A. It is too difficult, Madame, I think.

K. Excuse me, Alice; listen: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

A. De elbow, Madame.

K. O lord, I forgot. De elbow. How do you say *le col*?

A. De neck, Madame.

K. De nick. And *le menton*?

A. De chin.

K. De sin. *Le col*, de nick; de *menton*, de sin.

A. Yes. Save your honor, truly, you pronounce the words as well as the natives of England.

K. I don't doubt that I can learn, by the grace of God, and in a little time.

A. Have you not already forgotten what I have taught you?

K. No, I will recite to you at once: de hand, de fingres, de mails,—

A. De nails, Madame.

K. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

A. Save your honor, de elbow.

K. So I say; de elbow, de nick, and de sin. What do you call *le pied* and *la robe*?

A. De foot, Madame, and de coun.

K. De foot and de coun. O Lord! What bad sounding words, corruptible, gross and shameful, and not for ladies of honor to use; I should not like to pronounce those words before the lords of France for all the world. Foh! the foot and the coun! Nevertheless, I shall recite my whole lesson another time: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

A. Excellent, Madame.

K. It is enough for once: let us go to dinner.

NOTES

(The figures in heavy type refer to the page)

11. Muse. One of the nine Greek goddesses of art, science, and poetry. The chorus thinks the subject is so great that it is beyond the power of an ordinary mortal. **the port of Mars.** The heroic bearing of Mars, the Roman god of war.

12. Agincourt. A battle fought in France, October 25, 1415. Henry V, with about 15,000 English, defeated the Constable of France with about 60,000 French. **The perilous narrow ocean.** The English Channel.

14. The courses of his youth. In Act i, Henry IV, Henry is shown as a somewhat dissipated, mischief-loving young man. **hydra-headed.** The Hydra, in Greek mythology, was a nine-headed dragon killed by Hercules. "Hydra-headed willfulness" means "varied wilfulness." **Gordian knot.** According to Greek legend an oracle declared that the man who could untie the knot of the yoke of a sacred car should become ruler of Asia. Alexander the Great unloosed the knot by cutting it with his sword. **chartered libertine.** One who has special permission to be free from restraint. **the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears.** When he speaks, men remain in delighted silence. . . . **the art and practic part of life must be the mistress to this theoric.** Practical living, rather than study, taught Henry the theory or principles of life.

15. mitigation of this bill. Making this bill less severe.

17. law Salique. By the Salic law women could not inherit royal power. See scene 2, lines 50-51. **Pharamond.** The so-called first King of France.

20. played a tragedy. The tragedy referred to is the battle of Crecy, fought August 26, 1346. About 40,000 English defeated 80,000 French. The Black Prince won the battle while his father, Edward III, watched him from a high vantage point.

21. unfurnished Kingdom. A kingdom not guarded by soldiers. **Galling the gleaned land with hot assays.** This means annoying with fierce attacks the land from which all able-bodied defenders had been taken.

24. a waxen epitaph. A perishable inscription on a monument. Henry wishes to be remembered for his great deeds or else to lie in an unmarked grave over which no one shall put a monument with even a "waxen epitaph." **Dauphin.** The title of the French crown prince. **savor too much of your youth.** You show too much the characteristics of your youth.

25. into the hazard. In the old game of tennis the hazard was that part of the court into which a winning stroke could be played. **comes o'er us.** Insults us.

27. dalliance. Idle trifling. **silken dalliance.** The gay clothing worn in times of idle court life. **English Mercuries.** In Roman mythology Mercury was the messenger of the gods. As such he had a winged hat and winged sandals. **hollow bosoms.** Hearts not filled with loyalty.

28. we'll digest the abuse of distance. We will explain the change of scene from England to France. Such a change of scene is an "abuse" of the so-called law of unity of place. **Ancient.** A title given to an ensign or flag bearer.

30. Barbason. An evil spirit. **Couple a gorge!** Pistol's incorrect way of saying "Couper la gorge;" i. e., cut the throat. **Cressid's kind.** Cressida, according to medieval story, was the faithless daughter of the Trojan priest Calchas. **my master.** Sir John Falstaff, a comic character who appears in Part I and Part II of Shakespeare's Henry IV, and also in The Merry Wives of Windsor. He is pictured as exceedingly fat, a great drinker, a boaster, a liar, and, at the same time, a good-natured, interesting character.

32. quotidian tertian. An ignorant mixture of medical terms. One with a "quotidian" fever has daily attacks; one with a "tertian" fever has attacks every other day. **passes some humors and careers.** He has peculiarities and makes sudden changes.

33. steeped their galls in honey. Changed their former bitterness to graciousness.

36. vasty Tartar. Tartarus, as mentioned by Homer, a vast un-

lighted abyss far below Hades. It was the prison of the giant Titans who had rebelled against Zeus.

37. full fraught man. One whose mind is freighted with learning.

38. Staines. A town on the river Thames about 75 miles above London.

39. Arthur's bosom. Arthur is the legendary hero of the Welsh, Breton, and Old French Arthurian romances. The hostess had heard the expression "Abraham's bosom" (Luke xvi, 22) and confused the words "Arthur" and "Abraham." **christom child.** In Shakespeare's time a child that died within a month of its baptism was called a "chrisom" child. The hostess mispronounces the word. The chrisom was a white garment worn by newly christened infants.

40. Caveto. Latin for "thou shalt beware." Here it personifies watchfulness.

41. morris-dance. A dance in which the participants dressed to represent well-known fictitious characters. The dance was given on various festal occasions, one of which was Whitsunday, the seventh Sunday after Easter. **Roman Brutus.** Not the Brutus of Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar but Lucius Junius Brutus, a Roman consul who lived nearly 600 years earlier. At one time he pretended to be stupid in order to protect himself from a cruel uncle.

44. Jove. The supreme god of the Romans, characterized by power and dignity. He used the thunderbolt as a weapon. **womby vaultages.** Arched chambers.

45. Paris Louvre. The chief palace of the French kings.

46. the young Phœbus. The newly risen sun. Phœbus Apollo was the Greek sun-god. **A city on the inconstant billows.** The English set sail with 1600 vessels. **sternage.** The stern. **Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy.** Follow the fleet in imagination as small boats would follow if tied to the sterns.

47. Let it pry through the portage of the head like the brass cannon. Let the eye look as terrible as a cannon protruding through the porthole of a warship. **so many Alexanders.** Alexander the Great, who wept because he knew of no more lands to conquer. **copy now to men of grosser blood.** Act so that you will be examples to men of less noble birth.

48. The mettle of your pasture. The spirit gained by life in your own land.

53. flesh'd soldier. A soldier hardened by seeing blood shed.
Jewry. Judea. **Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.** Herod the Great, King of Judea, who ordered the slaughter of the innocents.

56. sprays of us. Branches of our race; i. e., English who are of Norman French descent. **scions.** Twigs for grafting; i. e., French people who united with the English as did the descendants of the Normans who followed William the Conqueror. **overlook their grafters.** Grafters insert shoots from one tree into the branches of another, making the union permanent. Here the word refers to the French. Shall the English grow great and despise the French?
nook-shotten. Broken into by bays.

57. lavolta. A waltz-like dance in which the woman leapt into the air. **coranto.** A lively dance with swift sliding movements.

58. For your great seats. For your great rank. **quit you.** Clear yourselves.

59. Agamemnon. One of the Greek leaders in the Trojan War. **Mark Antony.** A celebrated Roman general. He appears in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

64. Pegasus. A wonderful winged horse mentioned in Greek mythology. See note on *Perseus*. **Hermes.** The Greek name for the messenger of the gods. See note on *Mercury*, page 130. **Perseus.** According to Greek mythology Perseus was a hero who killed the Gorgon Medusa. From the Gorgon's blood there sprang the winged horse Pegasus, by whose aid Perseus was enabled to save Andromeda from a sea monster.

66. go to hazard. Try a chance at dice.

68. entertain conjecture of a time. Imagine a time. **poring dark.** Darkness that looks steadily upon everything; i. e., darkness that covers everything. **closing rivets up.** Joining the armor plates. **English play at dice.** The French are playing dice for the English prisoners whom they expect to have no difficulty in taking.

70. Upon example. As compared with the pains of others.

72. I am a Welshman. Henry was born in Monmouth, Wales. **leek.** A plant like an onion but stronger in flavor. It was chosen as

the emblem of Wales because the Welsh wore leeks in their caps when, in 540 A. D., they won a great battle, part of which was fought in a field where leeks grew. **Pompey the Great.** A Roman general who served in many wars.

75. irreconciled iniquities. Sins that have not been pardoned.

77. We must bear. The king uses the plural but refers to himself alone, a custom begun by King John of England.

78. intertissued robe of gold and pearl. A robe interwoven with gold and ornamented with pearls. **sleeps in Elysium.** In Greek mythology Elysium was a blissful place in which lived the souls of the good. **Hyperion.** The sun-god.

79. My father made in compassing the crown. Henry's father deposed Richard II and took the throne.

80. Make incision in their hides. Spur them.

81. carriions. Carrion usually refers to a dead and decaying animal body. Here the word is used in contempt.

83. upon my cost. At my expense.

84. Crispian. Crispin, a Christian martyr, the patron saint of shoemakers because he made shoes for the poor. His day is October 25, the day of the battle of Agincourt. He is associated with his brother, Crispianus, hence "Crispin-Crispian," line 18. **on the vigil.** The day and the night before the feast day.

86. Shall witness live in brass. Memorial inscriptions will bear witness to their heroism. **Killing in relapse of mortality.** Killing by disease that might arise from the dead left unburied after the war.

87. Callino, castore me! Pistol repeats the Frenchman's last words and then mispronounces the words of an old song, "Calen, O custure me." **on point of fox.** At the point of a sword, called a "fox" because a picture of a fox or a wolf was engraved on the blade.

88. Il me commande . . . couper votre gorge. He commands me to tell you to get ready; for this soldier is disposed to cut your throat immediately. **Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoi.** Pistol tries to say "Yes, cut your throat, by my faith." **O, je vous supplie . . . deux cents écus.** O I beg you, for the love of God, forgive me. I am a gentleman of great rank: save my life and I will give you two hundred crowns.

89. Encore qu'il est . . . le franchiselement. Although it is against his oath to pardon any prisoner, nevertheless for the crowns that you have promised he is pleased to give you liberty, freedom. **Sur mes genoux . . . seigneur d'Angleterre.** On my knees I give you a thousand thanks; and I esteem myself happy that I have fallen into the hands of a knight, I think, the bravest, most valiant, and most distinguished lord of England.

91. And all my mother. All my sympathy.

93. kill his pest friend, Cleitus. Alexander the Great, while under the influence of liquor, killed his favorite general, Cleitus, who once saved his life. **Assyrian.** Assyria was an ancient Asiatic power, one of the earliest civilizations in the world.

94. mercenary blood. The blood of hired soldiers. **Killing them twice.** The horses kick and hit the dead soldiers.

95. Saint Tavy's day. March first, the day of Saint David, the patron saint of Wales.

96. quite from the answer of his degree. So high in rank that it would be a disgrace for him to answer the challenge of one of low birth. **Lucifer.** A name applied to Satan. **Pelzebub.** Beelzebub, originally the name of a Philistine god. The name has been applied to an evil spirit of lower rank than Lucifer.

98. is take. Took.

100. good sort. High rank. **nobles bearing banners.** Nobles of especially high rank.

101. Calais. The French seaport nearest England.

102. Blackheath. A famous open common five miles from London. **the general.** The Earl of Essex, who had been sent in 1599 to quell an uprising in Tyrone, Ireland. **gracious empress.** Queen Elizabeth.

103. The emperor. Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, who came to England in 1416 to bring about peace between France and England. **brook abridgment.** Tolerate the skipping of a great space of time, i. e., five years elapse between Act iv and Act v. **preed no contention.** Have any quarrel.

104. Trojan. A native of Troy. Here the word is used to show contempt. **Parca's fatal web.** The Parcae were the three fates. They were said to spin, measure, and cut the thread of life. **Cadwallader.**

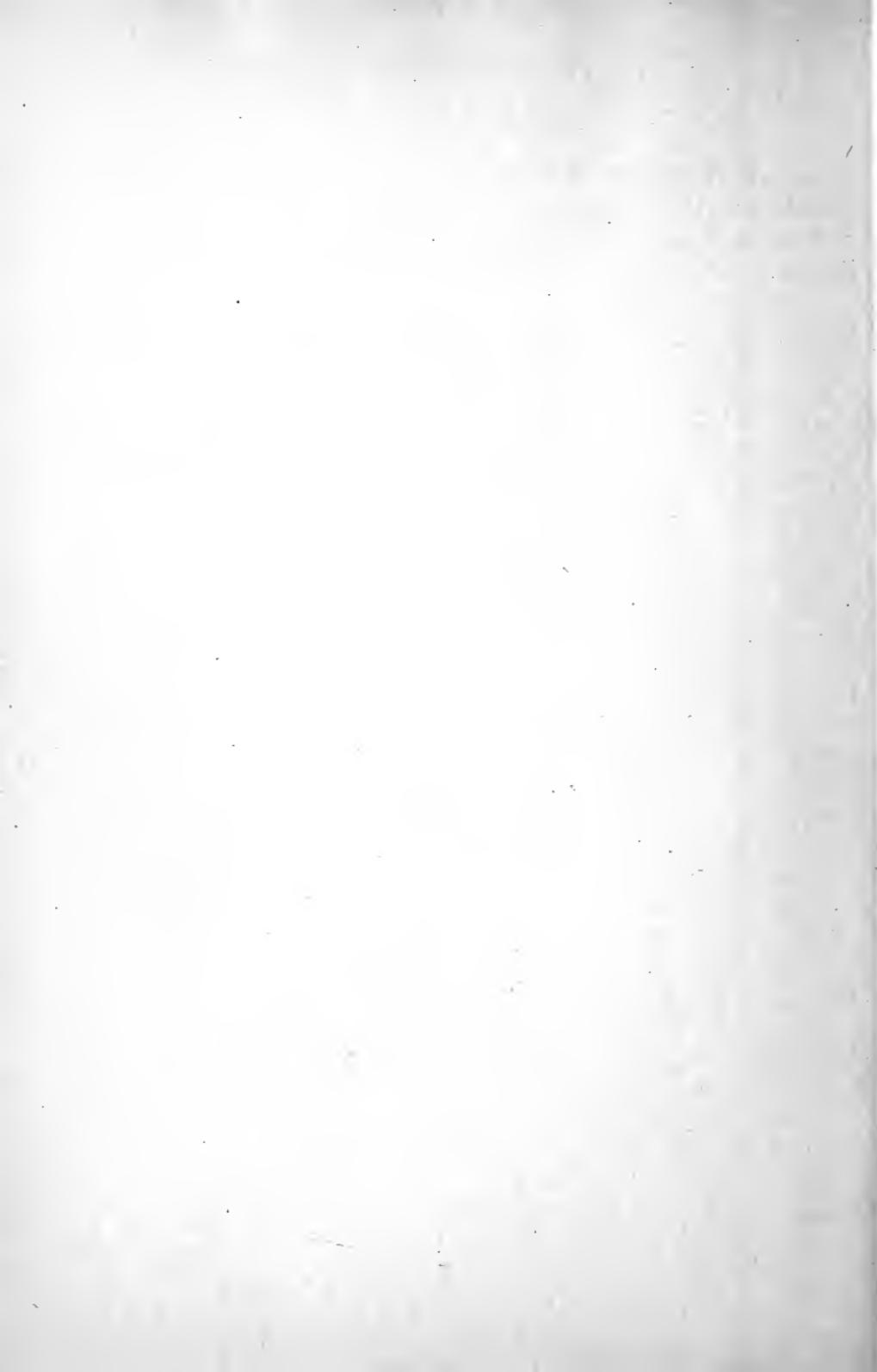
A Welsh king who defended Wales against the Saxons in the seventh century.

105. predeceased valor. The valor of men who died long before.
galling at. Giving annoyance to. **Nell.** The hostess, Mrs. Quickly.

106. The fatal balls of murdering basilisks. The eyeballs of dragons that killed by a look, or cannon-balls fired from cannon named after the dragons.

113. Plantagenet. Henry traced his ancestry to the Plantagenets, whose emblem was the broom flower (*planta Genistæ*).

117. all unable pen. The author feels entirely unable to tell the story to his own satisfaction. **oft our stage hath shown.** Shakespeare's Henry VI, in three parts, tells the story of how the weak son of Henry V lost the English possessions in France.



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